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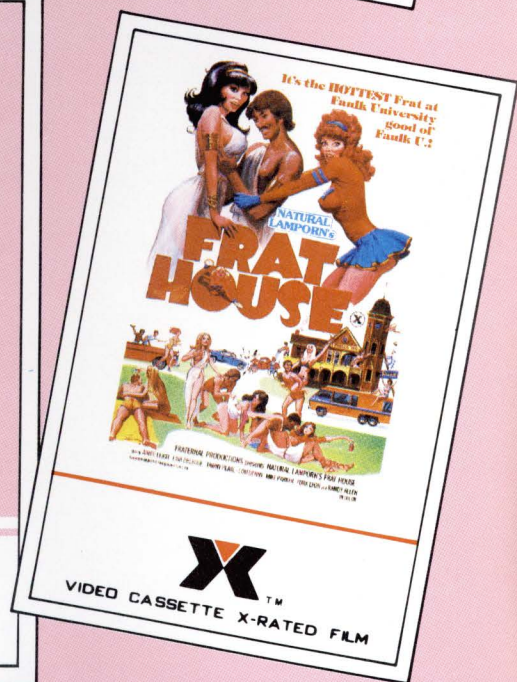
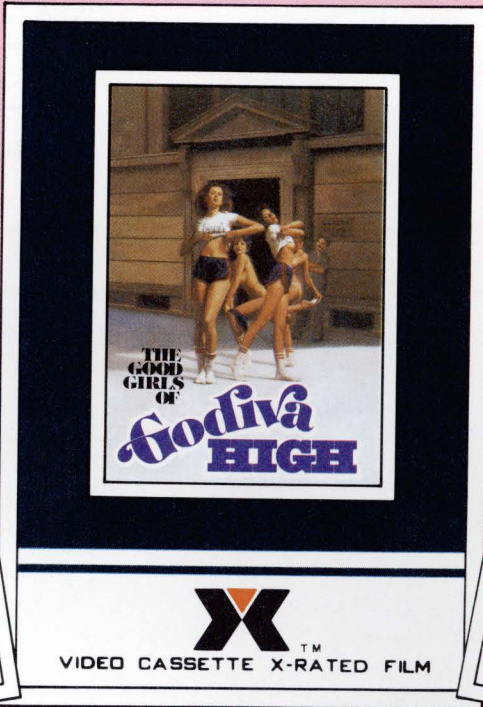
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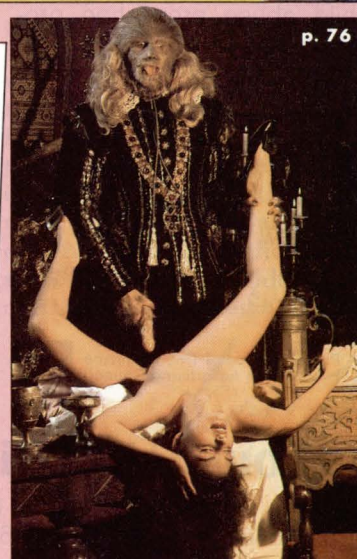
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FEEDBACK**

Nowhere Fast

APRIL 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 10



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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HUSTLER APRIL 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 10

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



El Salvador: HUSTLER Reporter Missing

As we go to press, HUSTLER has learned through U.S. State Department sources that one of our reporters, John Sullivan, is missing on assignment in El Salvador. Out of concern for his life, I pulled the *Publisher's Statement* originally scheduled for this issue. I did not want my anger at the events in that tiny Central American country to possibly inflame certain Salvadoran elements. I censored myself.

Instead, I am substituting a straight report of the facts. During that nation's bloody civil war, more than 9,000 people have been brutally murdered in the past 12 months. Included among these are six Americans—three nuns, a missionary and two attorneys. In that same period our government pumped more than \$11.5 million in military aid into El Salvador.

Concerned that America is drifting toward another Vietnam, I sent John Sullivan to perform a fact-finding mission in the war zone for our readers. Believing that you, as American citizens, have the right and need to know, he was assigned to interview leading figures on both sides of the conflict and to provide eyewitness accounts of some of the atrocities committed against men, women and children in that conflict.

Shortly after dusk on December 28, 1980, Mr. Sullivan checked into the Sheraton Hotel in the capital city, San Salvador. Registering at the same time were Mark David Pearlman and Michael Peter Hammer, American labor lawyers who were experts in rural trade unionism. On January 3, 1981, Pearl-

man and Hammer, while sitting in the hotel's restaurant, were shot to death by two gunmen. A day later, alarmed that nobody had seen John Sullivan since the afternoon following his arrival in San Salvador, hotel officials decided to check out his room. They found only his clothing, his toothbrush, a typewriter and a tape recorder. The very fact that the tools of Mr. Sullivan's trade had been left behind underscored the gravity of his disappearance.

Unfortunately, as we go to press, John Sullivan still has not been located. I had some pretty strong things I wanted to say about the situation in El Salvador. But rather than risk jeopardizing Mr. Sullivan's life by letting those thoughts see the light of day, I've decided to sit on them.

Meanwhile, all I can say is that my prayers are with John Sullivan and his family. I hope and pray that Mr. Sullivan has gone underground, that he has not become another American victim. I hope that he will surface again soon and that these anxious words of mine will soon be made obsolete by news that he is safe and sound. When that day comes to pass, I'm confident that he will supply the sort of gripping, hard-hitting story that the readers of HUSTLER have come to expect.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*

WANTED

FOR VIOLATION OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT



GLORIA STEINEM

Gloria Steinem is one of the powerful, big-name feminists behind the movement to ban sexually explicit magazines from America's newsstands. Her brand of self-righteous feminism has made Steinem a disgrace to the profession of journalism. Though a publisher herself, she is advocating nothing short of censorship. In the name of her cause, she's willing to trample the First Amendment rights of all Americans.

Steinem has had the presumption to arbitrarily distinguish "good" erotica from "bad" pornography. She obviously believes that the tastes of an elite few should dictate what we're all allowed to read. Incredibly, she has argued that kiddie porn—the exploitation of children—is no different than the healthy depiction of adult sexuality. According to her, it's all part of the same "male plot."

A self-proclaimed liberal, Steinem is promoting repression with reactionary zeal. But, in fact, she's a master of disguise. Steinem once worked full-time for a supposedly liberal youth organization, *knowing* that it was a front for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Advocating that obscenity laws be enforced against the "powerful pornography industry," Steinem has called for marches, lawsuits and civil disobedience to combat what she calls the "'masculine' sexual war." If she's successful, the resulting censorship will threaten *all* freedom of expression. If they can censor *HUSTLER* today, why not the *New York Times* tomorrow?

Gloria Steinem should be considered armed with false propaganda and dangerous to the rights of all Americans.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

People around the world soon will be celebrating Easter, the joyous time affirming the message that tolerance and love are needed more today than ever. Unfortunately, some Americans claim to believe in that ideal even as they promote philosophies filled with wrath, violence and bigotry.

Among the most repugnant of these hypocrites are members and supporters of the infamous hate group for "white Christians"—the Ku Klux Klan. In April's lead article, **THE KLAN RISES AGAIN: MODERN METHODS FOR OLD HATREDS**, veteran California journalist **GEORGE HILL** explains that while this 115-year-old organization may be changing its tactics, its racist goals remain the same. Hill, who specializes in religious cults, wrote *Hare Krishnas: Religion, Weapons and Wealth* for the December 1980 **HUSTLER** and our exposé *Family of Love: Religious Sex Cult*, in March 1980. The photo credit belongs to Contributing Photographer **LADI VON JANSKY**, who was responsible for the startling photo accompanying February's feature on deadly chemicals, *You Are Being Poisoned!*

New York writer **LEN ALBIN** strikes a lighter vein in his engaging profile of one of professional bowling's hottest young stars, **MARSHALL HOLMAN: THE BOWLER YOU LOVE TO HATE**. As Albin discovered during interviews at the Firestone Tournament of Champions in Akron, Ohio, Holman is a hardcranking "bad boy" who's not above kicking the ball-return or flashing obscene gestures at a catcalling crowd. A former contributing editor of *Sport* magazine, Albin has written for such publications as *Viva*, *Panorama*, *National Lampoon* and the Sunday supplement to the *Detroit News*. The companion illustrations were provided by **DENNIS CARMICHAEL**, whose work appears fre-



Cover by Mark Rice

quently in the pages of **CHIC** and **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**. Carmichael also rendered the art for our October 1980 feature on the country band Asleep At The Wheel, and has just completed an advertising poster for the new movie *Pray TV*.

April's fiction, entitled **TROUBLE IN 3 WEST**, deals with a "bad boy" of a much more sinister sort. In this gripping story penned by **LEE SCHULTZ**, the discovery of a bizarre, wickedly grinning idol buried deep in the bowels of a coal mine has dire consequences for a hardworking mining crew. Few people could handle such a subject more convincingly than Schultz. When she's not contributing stories to *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, this mother of four works as the only woman among 300 men at a coal-mining operation near Price, Utah. For the artwork we turned to **ROGER BERGENDORFF**, who illustrated last month's profile, *George Bush: A Heartbeat Away From the Presidency*.

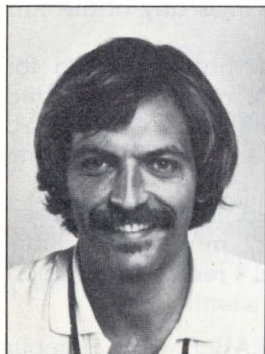
According to experts, the latest trend on the sexual scene is not having any sex at all. But as **DENNIS**

RINSLER and **MARC WARREN** point out in this month's engrossing *Sex Play*, **CELIBACY: IS AMERICA GIVING UP SEX?**, the fad could have dangerous ramifications for those choosing to abstain for prolonged periods of time. Rinsler and Warren are a Los Angeles-based writing team whose articles have appeared in *High Society*, *Eros*, *Velvet*, *Rush* and *National Lampoon*. They've also collaborated on a screenplay and developed several television ideas for Paramount and Warner Brothers. The artwork for this article was furnished by **TIM HUHN**, a graduate of the California College of Arts and Crafts. Huhn's illustrations have been published in **CHIC** and *New West*.

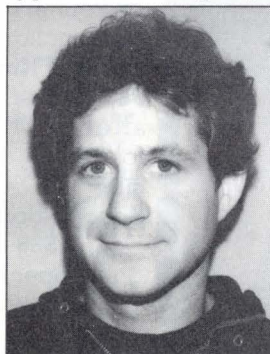
One person who knew all about celibacy was Joseph Carey Merrick, the grotesquely formed Elephant Man of 19th-century Europe's freak-show circuit. In a shocking series of rare nude photographs we show you why Merrick might have been the most unfortunate man who ever lived.

Also this month we're particularly pleased to announce the addition of **RON SMITH** to our staff as Executive Editor. A veteran of more than 20 years in journalism, Smith is an award-winning writer and editor whose articles and stories have appeared in **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**, *National Enquirer*, *Billboard*, the *Atlanta Journal*, the *Philadelphia Enquirer* and other publications. He's an accomplished playwright—with works produced in New York, West Berlin and London—and the author of more than 300 radio shows. In addition, he wrote the screenplay for the recent movie *Parts: The Clonus Horror*.

In April's issue, then, **HUSTLER** bares hypocrisy, revels in the eccentric, and toasts the beauty of loving relationships. What better reflection of the true spirit of Easter? 🐣



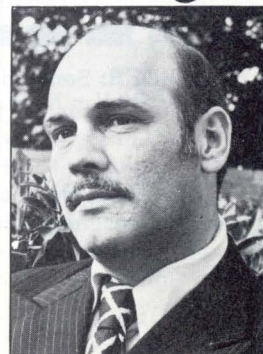
Ladi von Jansky



Dennis Carmichael



Dennis Rinsler and Marc Warren



Ron Smith



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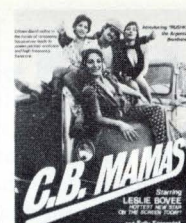
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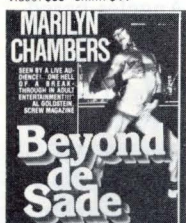
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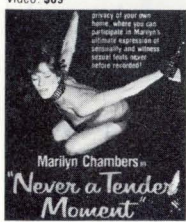
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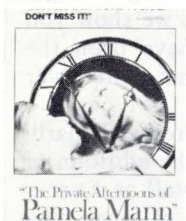
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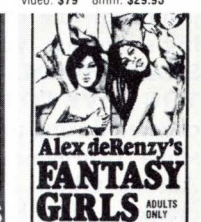
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Dixie: You guys have done it again. Your February centerfold, *Dixie: Deep in the Heart of Texas* (top photo), is just what I look for in a woman. I could just beat off all day thinking of that vivacious, big-titted Texas filly sucking me off.

—D. B.
Austin, Texas

Cartoon Views: I read HUSTLER because I can really relate to it. For example, your cartoon on page 79 of the February issue (center) reminded me of the time I got pissed off at my neighbor and punched him in the mouth. That "caffeine makes me nervous" was the same excuse I used.

—R. M. Homby
Tampa, Florida

Your cartoon in the January issue of HUSTLER, showing a snake swallowing the baby Jesus (page 34), was the absolute lowest. You've had tasteless cartoons before, but you outdid yourself this time.

—K. M.
Oakland, California

I occasionally read HUSTLER, and I must mention one thing that upsets me greatly—your jabs at blacks and Jews. The January HUSTLER seemed to be obsessed with this subject matter in the cartoons. Is your readership that red-necked and asinine to find social value in such things? I am not an advocate for blacks or Jews—I am neither—but I don't feel it fair to always make them the targets.

—Martin Stern
Great Neck, New York

Photo Fever: The February photo-feature *Tipi & Dawn: Coming Together* (bottom photo) was absolutely sensational! The photographic genius of Suze Randall, combined with the beauty of the two models, made it a cock-raiser from page to page. I'm sure I speak for many of your readers when I say I find your girl/girl pictorials to be the tops in erotica. Keep up the good work!

—Scott E. Segeti
Canton, Ohio

The January HUSTLER was a real cock-arouser. Congratulations to Matti Klatt for his superb photography in the two pictorials *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Jennifer: American in Paris*. The women in both features were absolutely gorgeous. Once between the legs of such women, I would delight my tongue for hours. Keep us up!

—Parasram
Fiji Islands

As a great judge of women, as well as a good photographer, I can't believe



your January pictorial *Sally: Long and Tall*. It's bad enough that photographer Suze Randall had to hustle some goofy-looking giant like Sally to pose. But she could have at least done the poor girl justice by giving her a pair of shoes that fit. There's room enough in them to stick a watermelon. Of course, if Sally had been worth looking at, who would ever notice the shoes?

—Randy Glessner
Arlington, Texas

Collection Plate: I admire the courage of Larry Flynt in challenging a taboo subject, "Tax the Churches," in the January *Publisher's Statement*. Jimmy Carter stated he would be in favor of taxing the investment income of all tax-exempt institutions. Of course, the tax-exempt parasites shut his mouth really quick on that idea. A Catholic bishop in New York City declared that it would be impossible to list all the assets of the Church. Then Billy Graham came up with an original excuse, stating it was against the Scriptures for him to disclose any financial information on his business empire. Certainly religion is now the largest tax-free business enterprise in the United States.

—D. C. Spencer
Pago Pago, American Samoa

I don't think your *Publisher's Statement* "Tax the Churches" is the answer. Where I live, the churches are built by love and the money each member *wants* to give. Perhaps the answer would be to limit the church's profits. You can't tax God, you know.

—Herman Dilligaf
Slomp, Kentucky

Food Poisoning? I just wanted to let you know I really appreciated the information in the February article *You Are Being Poisoned!* Just a few days before I received HUSTLER, I heard on television that fluoridated water can cause cancer, and I thought to myself, *Pretty soon, eating will cause cancer*. After reading your article, I realized the truth in that statement. Keep up the good work!

—David A. Goetz
Tracy, California

Gun Play: I had to wade through a herd of Beaver to get to the socially significant part of the January HUSTLER, but all of that looked better than Samuel S. Fields's pro arguments in *The Pros and Cons of Gun Control*.

If everyone wants gun control, as Fields says, then why haven't we got it? Maybe the average nerd notes that the police response time to his distress call is 45 minutes. Fields also claims that

pistols are inaccurate. I am far from a champion, but I offer to fire ten shots at him from 200 yards with a .45, and if Fields gets off without being hit once, he wins.

—John P. Conlon
Newark, Ohio

I happened to pick up the January issue of HUSTLER, and I read the gun-control panel discussion the same night John Lennon was killed. I still don't agree with the arguments presented for gun control, but I definitely believe in the death penalty now.

—Larry R. Smith
Sullivan, Missouri

The Pros and Cons of Gun Control (HUSTLER, January) was very good, and I'm sure your readers would like to know how Larry Flynt feels about it since he almost joined people like John Lennon, John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. But if anyone tries to take my gun away from me, I'll put a piece of lead right between his eyes.

—Paul J. Boyer
Weston, Ohio

I agree with those people in *The Pros and Cons of Gun Control* (January) who believe it is every American's right to own a gun. As a black man who knows

the police don't care what happens to minorities, I think we should protect ourselves with whatever available means. If you want to take away guns, start with the Ku Klux Klan.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Unbiased Opinion: I would like to comment on the *Sixth Annual Unbiased Review of Men's Magazines* (HUSTLER, January). If the article was meant to be serious, then that fat ass Pat McCormick doesn't know what he's talking about. It wasn't unbiased. HUSTLER and its sister publications received the best ratings. McCormick must have briefly skimmed through the others.

Why don't you ask the opinions of us consumers who buy these magazines every month. Don't ask some dipshit who doesn't know HUSTLER from *National Geographic*.

—David Brubaker
Demotte, Indiana

Sex Play: I'm a medical student who totally disagrees with your *Sex Play* "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms," by Stephanie Ross (HUSTLER, January). This so-called "Grafenberg spot" is nothing more than a couple of nerves above the pubic bone and under the bladder. Such probing palpitations to a

delicate organ are unnatural and a health risk. Furthermore, the day a female can ejaculate will be the day men have babies.

—F. F.
Washington, D.C.

We hope all medical students aren't as close-minded as you. Recently we spoke with Dr. Martin Weisberg, a gynecologist at Thomas Jefferson University, who was also skeptical of the Grafenberg spot and female ejaculation. After locating the spot in several women and witnessing them ejaculate, he became a believer.

Regarding your *Sex Play* on vaginal orgasms: For every bodily function there is a biological reason. Men ejaculate for two reasons: to get a pleasurable feeling and to reproduce. Women reach orgasm for one reason: because it feels good. There are no glands in the female bladder to produce this so-called ejaculation. It is impossible.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I think your January *Sex Play*, "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms," was great. A special thanks from my old lady and myself.

—Gary Coultas
Reno, Nevada

Beaver Hunt: Your January *Beaver Hunt* had a very beautiful lady in it—Ginny from Reno, Nevada. I enjoyed the weightlifters and physically active women who have been in HUSTLER before, and I'd like to see the firm muscle tone of Ginny as she's practicing her judo and jujitsu.

—L. Ray
Sparks, Nevada

I nearly fell out of my chair when I saw the incredibly beautiful Nancy Martin in January's *Beaver Hunt*. If her fantasy is to appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature, for goodness sakes, fulfill that lovely girl's fantasy—and mine.

—Bill Reuben
Galax, Virginia

Check out Nancy: Beaver Hunt Winner (pages 93-97 in this issue of HUSTLER).

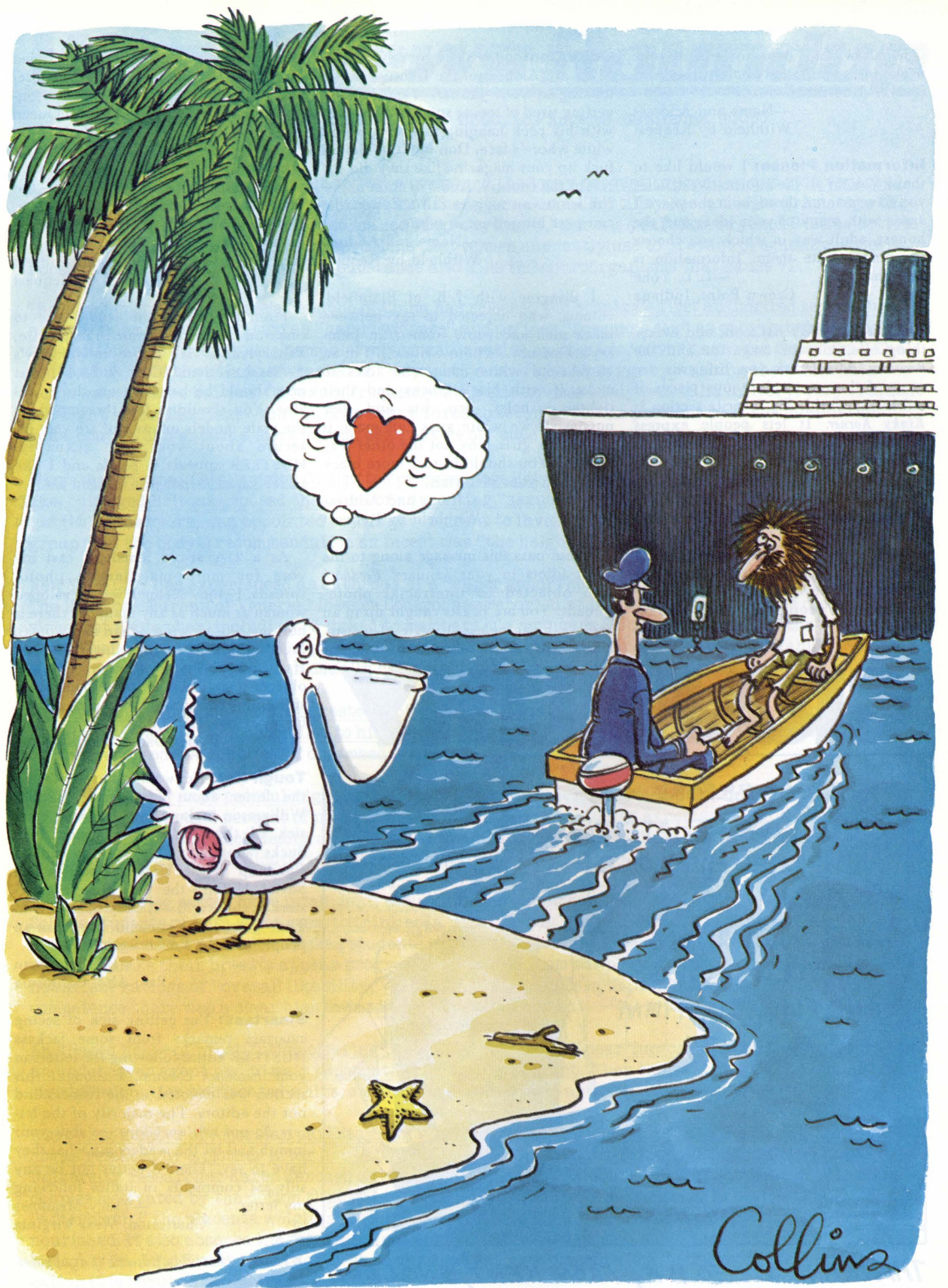
Christmas Baby Doll: I really liked the Starving Cambodian Baby Doll in HUSTLER's *Christmas Gift Guide* (January). I'm glad someone satirized these companies that are just out to make a buck off Christmas. Keep standing up for the things you believe in, HUSTLER.

—Patrick Keeler
Cleveland, Ohio

In the January HUSTLER, I found the starving Cambodian doll repulsive (HUSTLER's *Christmas Gift Guide*). May



"Not now, Leonard! Doris Day is about to kiss Rock Hudson!"



God allow you time to repent your wickedness and cruelty before you burn forever in torment.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Information Please: I would like to thank you for all the informative articles you have printed throughout the years. I agree with many of your ideas and the honest, adult way in which you choose to communicate them. Information is thought-food!

—L. L. Yohe
Crown Point, Indiana

Telling Tail: My hat's off, and everything else, to your magazine and the Beavers. The ladies you bring us are some of the most voluptuous pieces of tail in the world. My favorite section is *Kinky Korner*. It lets people express themselves, and freedom of expression is our most precious right.

—Space
Los Angeles, California

Instant Gratification: To the prudes who criticize HUSTLER: If you want mystique and charm in women, get a subscription to *Ms.* magazine. Myself, I live for right now, and HUSTLER is the magazine for people who don't plan on living forever.

—Kevin Hinds
Orangefield, Texas

Color Controversy: I nominate Larry Flynt as "Asshole of the Century" after looking at your January *Feedback*. I'm getting tired of seeing some filthy nigger with his cock hanging in some two-bit white whore's face. Don't let the niggers fuck up your magazine like they did the rest of the country. And I'm no honky—I'm what you niggers call a Zebra who can pass himself off as white.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I disagree with J. B. of Plainfield, Illinois, who objected to sex between black men and white women, in January's *Feedback* ("Photo Critics"). I'm an 18-year-old white male who likes to make it with black chicks and their tighter assholes, firm tits and nice pussies. If we white guys can make it with black girls, why not the other way around? You should feature more black women in your pictorials.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Please pass this message along to the racist idiots in your January *Feedback* who objected to interracial photo-spreads. You are beasts caught up in an endless, meaningless struggle of racism. I am white, and I refuse to promote or

condone such rotten garbage handed down to us by our obnoxious and slave-crazy grandparents. HUSTLER, we enjoy your variety.

—Lisa McQueen
Seattle, Washington

Mixed Bag: I'm a gay male, and I love your magazine. The women are so hot that sometimes even I get turned on. However, how about showing us some more cock in HUSTLER?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I am a woman who would like to respond to F. S. from Sharpville, Pennsylvania. He wrote in January's *Feedback* section ("Girls & Boys") that men should be banned from the magazine. You shouldn't feel threatened by the male models unless you are very insecure about your own sexuality. HUSTLER appeals to *people*, and I like to see variety—not just tits and ass.

—S. Z.
Addison, Michigan

As a 21-year-old female, I cast my vote for more male/female photo-spreads. I enjoy seeing a well-developed woman as much as any man, but there is nothing like viewing a man and woman together with their love juices flowing. If F. S. from Sharpville, Pennsylvania, objects to it, he must be either gay or suffering from chronic insecurity. Don't forget us gals, HUSTLER.

—S. W.
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Tough Nut: I'm writing in response to the letter about Iran from Jennifer Williamson in January's *Feedback*. I am sick of the "Fuck Iran" and "Iran Sucks" crap. Anybody with the balls to stand up to the United States or the Soviet Union—the two biggest gangsters in the world—is okay in my book. That goes for Khomeini, the Iranian people and the Polish workers as well.

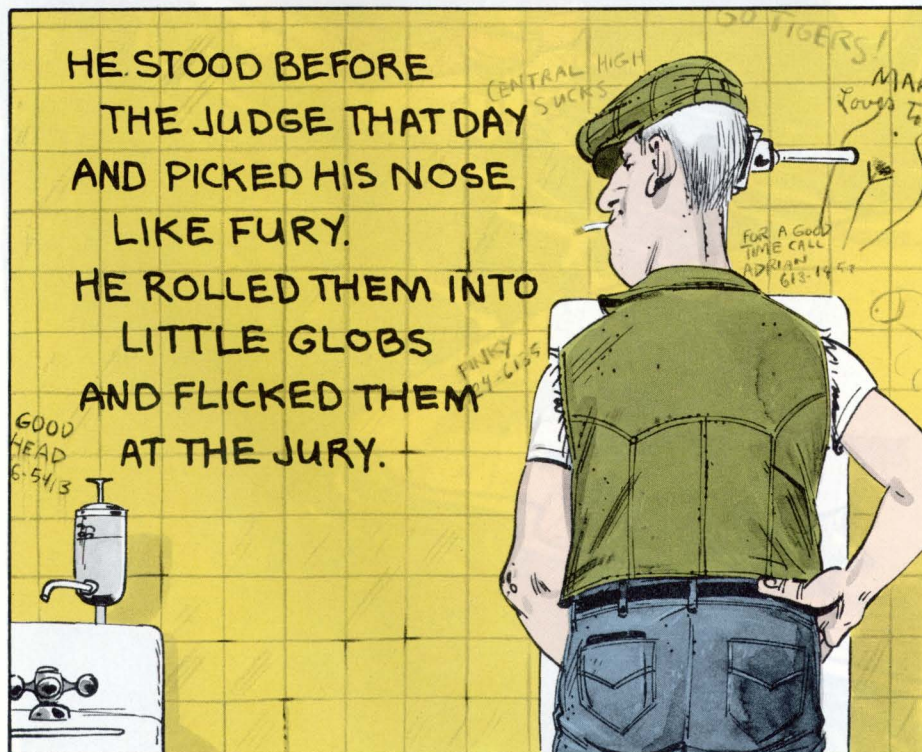
—Lee Schulman
Palo Alto, California

Smartass: I'm getting sick of seeing smartass remarks from some jackass HUSTLER editor following the letters in your *Feedback* column. I thought this section was devoted to the readers and not the editors. The majority of the letters do not ask questions; so shut your mouth and let the readers say what they have to say. There'd better not be any silly-ass comments in italics following my letter.

—Tracy Meadows
Charleston, West Virginia

We certainly wouldn't dream of disappointing you. ☹

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO B.F., FROM KENT, ENGLAND

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Fifty French call girls have agreed to test a compound that may prevent pregnancy and stop venereal disease. D. Malcolm Potts, executive director of the International Fertility Research Program, says the prostitutes will try out the compound, called "non-oxyenol-9," for one year. Non-oxyenol-9 is the active ingredient of many spermicidal preparations that women currently use to prevent pregnancy. Potts hopes the experiment will prove the substance also kills the microorganisms that cause VD.

The government of the People's Republic of China has released the country's first authorized sex manual, which condemns masturbation as "hand lewdness" and defines "frequent sex" as once or twice a week. One section of the pocket-size pamphlet says masturbation can lead to "severe nervous disorders." The booklet suggests that those attracted to the practice can fight the urge by washing their feet with warm water before bedtime. On sexual frequency the guide advises newlyweds to have "very, very frequent sex right after marriage--that is, once every three to seven days." As passions cool, the publication adds, couples can expect a more normal sex routine of "once every one or two weeks."

When the Criminal Law Revision Committee proposed legalizing incest between individuals of consenting age, outraged Britons accused the panel of advocating "sexual anarchy." The committee, composed of judges and lawyers, was appointed by the government to investigate changes in Britain's sex laws. One group said the body's recommendation on incest was "the height of dangerous irresponsibility."


New York City has experienced an outbreak of a "super gonorrhea" that resists treatment by penicillin. The New York Bureau of Venereal Disease Control has reported at least 25 new cases of the disease since last September, including 13 linked to members of a swingers club. Only 33 cases of that potent strain were reported during the preceding four-and-a-half years. Bureau director Dr. Yehudi Felman says the "super gonorrhea" can usually be treated with the powerful antibiotic spectinomycin.

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, police arrested a 39-year-old man for exposing himself three separate times to female Sears workers he had called to his home for drapery measurements. "He said he was lonely," an officer reported. "And he really does need drapes."

An Italian doctor says painful migraine headaches can cause sexual arousal. Dr. Frederico Sicuteri reports that about 25 percent of migraine patients he recently studied experienced erotic desire near the end of an attack. Such desire may be linked to an imbalance of two chemicals that transmit nerve impulses from the brain, Sicuteri believes.

Are small-busted women more intelligent, competent and ambitious than women with bigger breasts? College students of both sexes seem to think so, a recent study has revealed. According to "Psychology Today" magazine, researchers asked students to view a series of photographs of women who'd used cotton to make their breasts appear progressively larger from one photo to the next. While bust size did not affect ratings of "overall likability," in judging intelligence, ambition, morality, modesty and competence there was a clear bias toward small-breasted women.

An alleged house of prostitution offering bondage and whippings near Tucson, Arizona, was so busy that an undercover agent had to wait two months for an appointment. When the raid was finally conducted, sheriff's deputies confiscated whips, chains and shackles, and arrested four people.

A growing number of American parents reportedly are eating human placentas--the spongy, blood-filled organ released by a mother after her baby is born. Writing in "Science Digest" magazine, Harvard University researcher Karen Janszen says most of the placenta-eaters are young, white, middle-class couples motivated by the notion that what is "natural" must be good. Commonly known as the "afterbirth," the placenta weighs about a pound and is the organ by which the unborn infant is nourished. It also absorbs the fetus's prenatal waste products. At least one researcher, Harvard biologist Dr. John Kirsch, went so far as to say that eating a placenta is a "very good idea," and not eating it is "truly a waste." 

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Reason #1—Wet suit rubber is the finest, most expensive made to provide insulation and warmth. It was so good that it actually retained and reflected the body's own heat causing excess fluids in the body's tissues to literally "melt away."

RESULT—Lost Pounds And Lost Inches!

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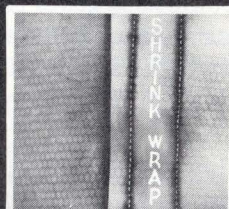
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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Alka-Seltzer Sex: While serving in Korea with the Army, I heard of using Alka-Seltzer for something a lot more interesting than a hangover. One night I slipped a tablet of the stuff into one of the local working girl's cunts. Since her cunt was already wet, the tablet went to work immediately. At first she had this startled expression on her face and wanted to know "what GI put up there to make pussy feel funny?" After the initial shock she decided to relax and enjoy it. The way she got off, I think she should have been paying me.

We were swapping stories like this at the steel mill where I work now, and the guys want to know if this can hurt a woman. If it's safe, we'd like to slip it to our old ladies. What do you say?

—T. H. L.
Lorain, Ohio

Always make sure a substance is safe for vaginal insertion prior to using it. According to the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, Alka-Seltzer shouldn't be inserted in any woman's vagina. It contains aspirin, which can upset the acidic environment of the vagina, and chemicals that could harm the mucous membranes. The bubbles could also cause excessive air to be drawn into the fallopian tubes, and this too might be harmful. Don't try this trick again.

Pen Pals: I am currently serving a four-to-12-year sentence at Attica Correctional Facility. I am 23 and have been here for three years. In all that time I've never received a letter from anyone. Do you know of any organizations that help to find pen pals for prisoners? I can't begin to describe how lonely I am.

—M. M.
Attica, New York

We get a great number of letters like yours, and once a year we try to publish a list of pen-pal organizations for prisoners. One of the following groups should be able to help you. Write to: Lou Torok, Director, Prison Pen Pals, P.O. Box 1217, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202; Five Magazine, 1220 Harding Street, Box 2257, Fort Worth, Texas 76101; WIN Magazine, 503 Atlantic Ave-

nue, 5th Floor, Brooklyn, New York 11217; and Fellowship Magazine, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, New York 10960.

All the above will list your correspondence request free in a national publication—except Five Magazine, which charges \$4 per listing.

Pussy Scent: I've been having sex with one girl now for more than a year. She is the first woman I've had oral sex with, and I have to say it isn't very pleasant. I always read in HUSTLER that pussy juice tastes good, but hers doesn't. To be honest, it tastes terrible, and it smells like piss. Also, do you think it's possible she pisses when I go down on her? She comes so much that this is what it seems like. I have to put two towels under her to keep my bed from getting soaked. I hate to give up oral sex, because she loves it so much, but I can't take it much longer unless you have some remedies.

—B. S.
Wilmington, Delaware

If your girlfriend's vaginal area doesn't smell fresh and sweet, soap and water can usually remedy this. Often, women miss the area underneath the small clitoral hood, where smegmalike substances that don't smell very appealing can linger. Try taking a bath or

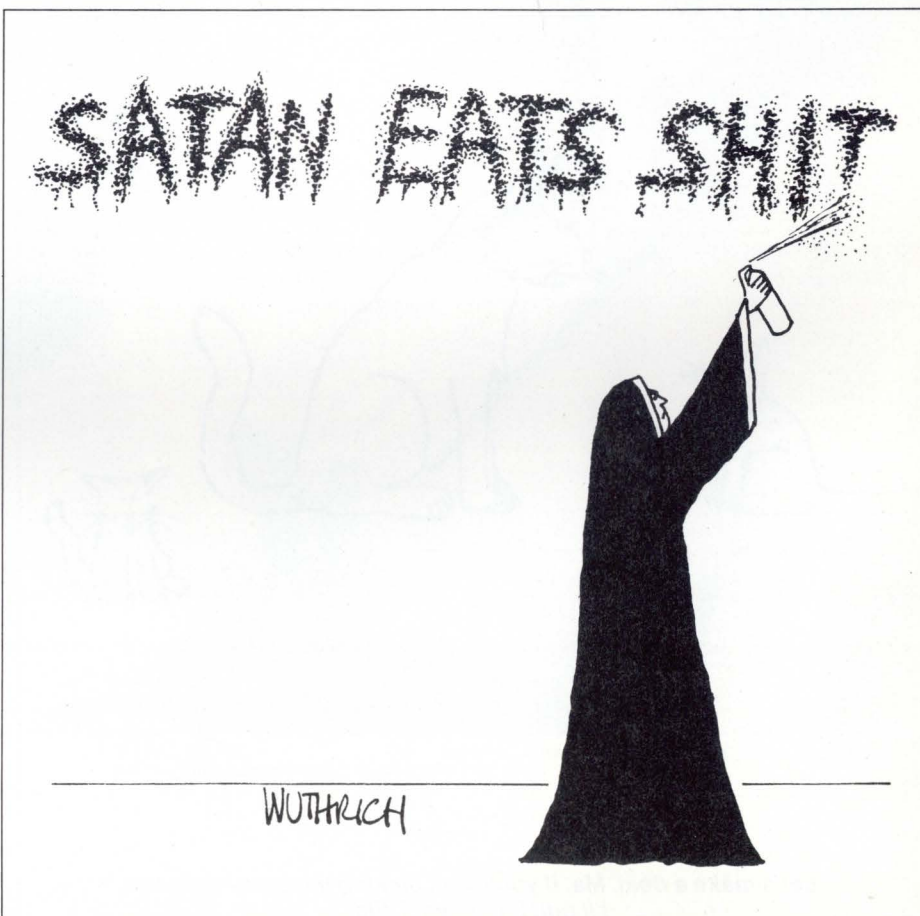
shower together before sex, and encourage her to use different-tasting douches occasionally. You might also find it enjoyable to put whipped cream on her cunt and lick it off.

It's doubtful that your girl is coming enough to soak your bed. She may be a female ejaculator (see January's Sex Play, "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms"), but it is unlikely that this would soak your bed. If she is peeing, her urine shouldn't taste bad unless she has an infection. If her gynecologist doesn't find any urinary or vaginal infections, just make sure she always pees prior to having sex.

Two Orgasms: I am a 26-year-old female who is thinking about getting divorced after six years of marriage. My husband and I have three kids. My problem is that I have only had two orgasms in my whole life, and neither of those was with my husband. I even bought a vibrator, and I still can't achieve orgasm. Am I using the vibrator wrong? Also, should I just forget about my almost-ex-husband and try to find someone who can really satisfy me, or is my case hopeless?

—J. H.
Taylor, Michigan

Things only become hopeless when you stop trying to find sexual pleasure and satisfac-



tion for yourself. Since you have been having trouble for a long time, it would probably be a good idea to seek outside help. Numerous groups throughout the U.S. help people discover their innate capacity for sexual enjoyment. Expecting new sexual partners to solve all your sexual problems for you often puts too big a burden on them. You have to take responsibility for your own sexuality and begin to explore different ways of achieving more sexual pleasure.

If you don't know of any massage or sexual-awareness training groups in your area, call a local sex therapist. A sex therapist could be very helpful to you and would also be able to refer you to quality programs in your area that could help you to experience more frequent orgasms.

If you don't know of a sex therapist near you, call the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists at 312-222-1600, or write to AASECT at 1 East Wacker Drive, Suite 2700, Chicago, Illinois 60601. It can recommend several qualified therapists in your area.

Numbing the Penis: I am a 24-year-old woman, and my boyfriend, who is also 24, suffers from premature ejaculation. A couple of strokes inside my vagina are enough to make him come. This upsets both of us a great deal. A friend of mine told me doctors can prescribe medication that helps with

this problem. My boyfriend and I have never heard of this. Do they really exist, and—if so—what should we ask for?

—H. F.
Little Rock, Arkansas

Your friend is probably referring to what doctors call "topical anesthetics." These medications produce a slight numbing sensation on the body. A topical anesthetic, such as Nupercaine or Pontocaine, applied to the penis works well in helping premature ejaculators.

Dr. Robert L. Green, Jr., Professor of Psychiatry at Duke University Medical Center, says these medications can be helpful to men suffering from premature ejaculation, because by slightly desensitizing the penis, a man is able to keep from coming for a longer period of time. It is important that during lovemaking your boyfriend use a condom with these medications, however, or some of the anesthetic will rub off on your clitoris and desensitize you as well.

Before your boyfriend requests these medications from his doctor, he should try the squeeze method of delaying ejaculation. (Both the Masters and Johnson method and an ancient variation of it are described in the December 1980 *Sex Play*, "Oriental Sex Secrets.") He can also try masturbating before having sex. These two techniques have proved very helpful to men who prematurely ejaculate.

Nervous Fiance: I am 18 years old, and I recently moved in with my fiance. I'm really worried and nervous about our relationship. Before I moved in, he was madly in love with me and never looked at another woman. Now all he does is talk about other girls. I even caught him in bed with another woman about a month ago.

We are still planning to get married, but I'm really paranoid about losing him to someone else. What can I do?

—B. C.
Brookline, Massachusetts

Since your fiance's behavior changed drastically after you started living together, it's possible he has a case of that age-old problem—cold feet. He may not even be aware of his real feelings, but sometimes actions speak louder than words. He might be unconsciously trying to tell you (and himself) that he isn't ready for the commitment of marriage.

Talk with him. If you discover that he isn't sure about marriage, and you decide to hold off, he might be more comfortable about your relationship and go back to being monogamous. Living together for a while without the pressure of being engaged might provide the time he needs to adjust to the idea of a lifetime commitment.

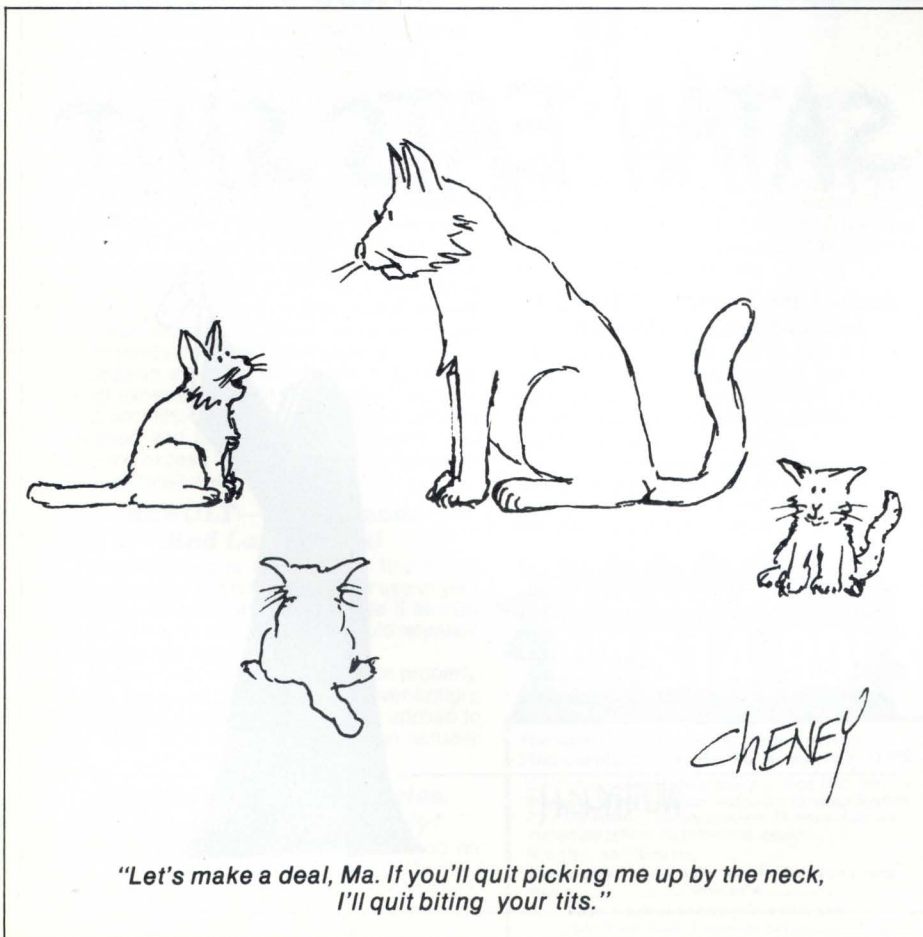
If this does not turn out to be your fiance's problem, and he continues to talk about and have sex with other women, you are going to have to come to terms with your own feelings of jealousy, and decide what you can and cannot handle. You will both need to reach an agreement about your having sex with other people. A number of couples have marriages in which each partner is free to have sex with others. Those who can deal with their feelings of jealousy sometimes find this to work better for them than a system of complete fidelity.

Older Women: I am a 20-year-old male who gets off on older women. My best friend found me in bed with his mother and told me I was sick and needed help. Is this true?
—L. F.
Pendleton, Indiana

There is nothing "sick" about preferring sex partners of a certain type or age. But if you're limiting your sexual experiences only to women who are old enough to be your mother, or who are actually your friends' mothers, you may want to ask yourself whether you're looking for a sex partner or a mom.

Sex with older women may be your way of vicariously fulfilling a childhood desire to be your mother's lover. Or it may simply be that you find them more attractive and sexually experienced than younger women. But the key issue is whether your interest in older women is limiting your sex life. Any exclusive

(continued on page 26)



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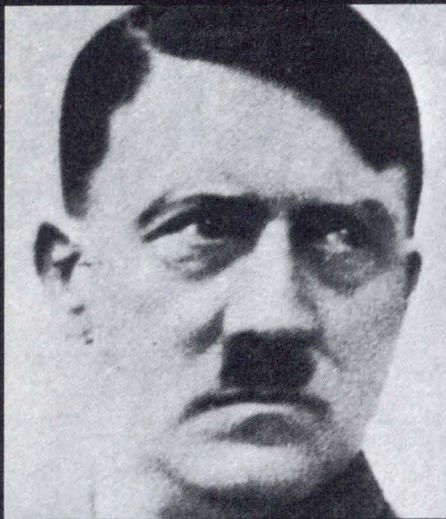
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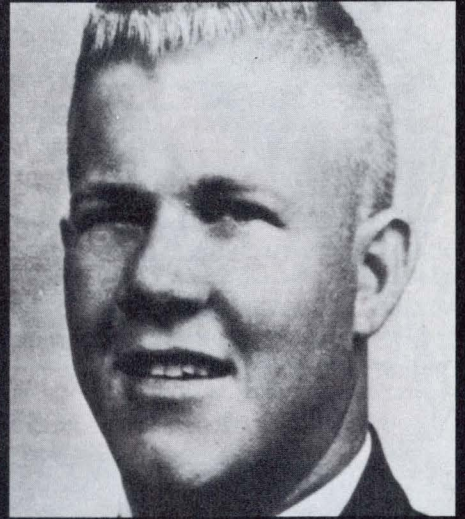
ALL OF THESE KILLERS ARE DEAD OR IN PRISON EXCEPT ONE.



Adolf Hitler



Albert Fish



Charles Whitman



Albert "The Boston Strangler" DeSalvo



Richard Speck



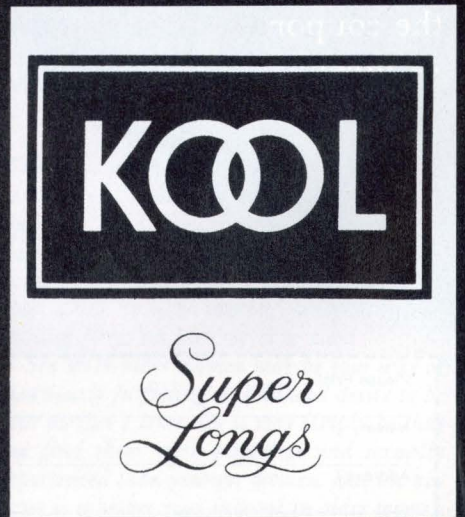
Charles Manson



Sirhan Sirhan



David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz



Regular & Low Tar

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

Bits & Pieces

The power of the pulpit is a tremendous responsibility. And the person who wields that power should be reasonable, rational and, most important, capable of human understanding. When someone preaches views that are anti-women's rights, anti-Semitic, anti-sex and pro-violence, then the power of the pulpit has been bastardized.

Such a person is the Reverend Bailey Smith, the recently elected president of the Southern Baptists, the nation's largest Protestant denomination. This man speaks for more than 13 million members, and when he opens his mouth, he continually qualifies for Asshole of the Month.

For proof, here is a random selection from the wisdom of Bailey Smith. "We live in a day of junkyard-dog sex. The dirtier it is, the more someone will do it." Wondering why Jews call themselves the chosen people, he says: "I don't know why He [God] chose the Jews. I think they got funny-looking noses myself." Smith claims the ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) stands for "Extremely Ridiculous Activity." Then he adds, "I want to tell you something, ladies. You can't improve on what God meant for you to be. You can't do it."

Such statements reflect the thinking of a bigoted, uninformed and misdirected human being. Coming from a lesser church leader, they would be patently absurd. But coming from a man who has been granted the awesome power of Smith's position, these statements become incendiary diatribes



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Bailey Smith

that could lead to deadly confrontations. Why?

Because Smith is definitely for one thing—good old-fashioned, ass-kicking, macho, blood-letting violence. His sermons and pronouncements literally drip with blood.

In one he praises the actions of Billy Sunday, the hellfire-and-brimstone evangelist popular in the 1920s. Sunday, it seems, was so incensed by a nonbeliever that he once leaped from the

stage and twisted the nonbeliever's nose until it ruptured, gushing forth blood. The fiery preacher was trying to prove the truth of Proverbs 30:33, which reads: "Surely [as] the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood." Isn't that one hell of a way to prove the Scriptures?

In another tale of righteous indignation Smith often relates the time he heard a teenage boy proposition a

girl in a Delaware restaurant. "At that moment," he tells his congregation, "I turned around and grabbed the fellow by the shoulder. . . 'Young man, if you don't leave here pretty soon, there is going to be a fight, and you are going to be part of it.'"

Imagine if that kind of action is taken to heart by the 13 million members of Smith's church. We would have more than 5% of our population serving as self-appointed vigilantes riding out to correct the "sins" of anyone they happened to disagree with. Through the years, HUSTLER has always fought for the right of free speech and free expression. Just as we believe that "morality" cannot be legislated, so have we believed that violence, in any form, cannot be condoned.

But when a person who bears the title "Reverend"—a title that commands respect—preaches the notion that ideas you don't agree with can be best handled by direct, violent action, then that attitude is at best "sick." And at its worst, "blasphemous."

Smith's theme in all his "teachings" is that people want a church that has a strong, evangelistic, Bible-oriented thrust. People should have a mission, he says, not just a position. If that "mission" is to violently attack any person whose views differ from those of Smith's flock, then it will be a black period for us all while he is in power. The pulpits of America must be used to generate peace, understanding and humanity; not hatred, vengeance and intolerance.

HUSTLER's

5th ANNUAL EROTIC FILM AWARDS



Best Film:
October Silk

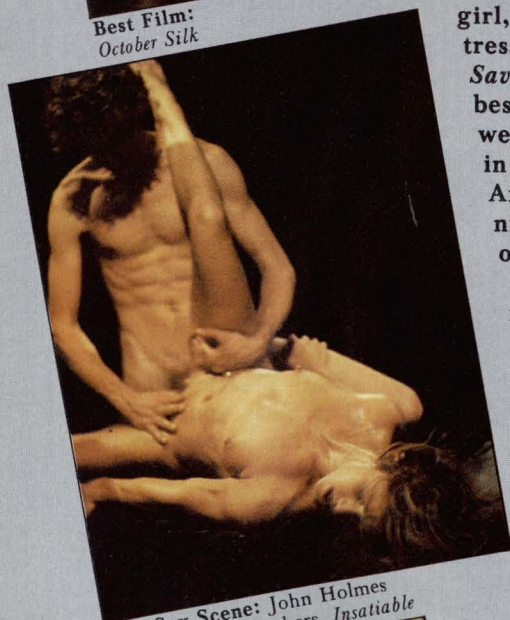
Your response to our Fifth Annual Erotic-Film Poll was outstanding. Since Oscar puts on his blinders when it comes to porn films, we feel it's necessary for HUSTLER to provide space for the praise that some of these flicks are due. That's why we've devoted a page to the winners of this year's poll as judged by you, our readers, and by HUSTLER's own panel of erotic-film reviewers.

Of course, there were some rather unusual votes. Clara Bow, the "It" girl, received a nomination as best porn actress for her role in the 1932 movie *Call Her Savage*. Gilbert Roland was nominated as best actor in that same film. Then there were the voters who picked themselves in the "Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist" and "Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist" categories. Sorry, but you only got one vote apiece.

Maybe porn filmmakers will take note of these selections and use them as a guideline on how to better entertain their audiences. If not, the winners can take heart in the knowledge there's more to their public than just trench coats and sticky newspapers.



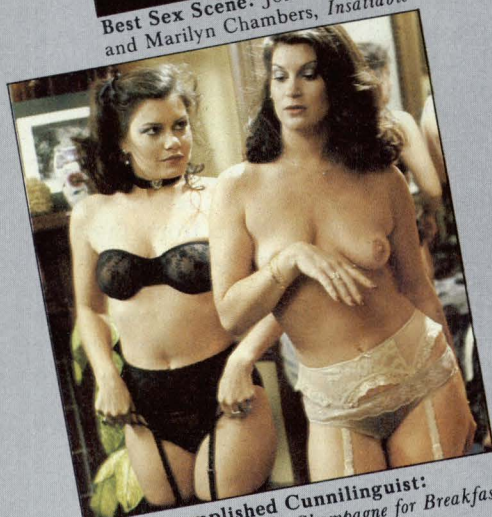
Best Actress:
Marilyn Chambers, *Insatiable*



Best Sex Scene: John Holmes and Marilyn Chambers, *Insatiable*



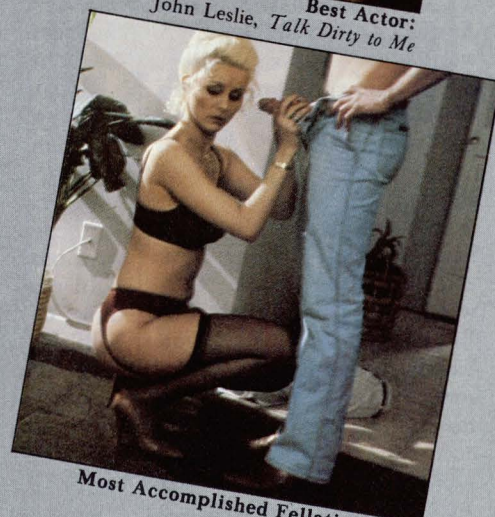
Best Actor:
John Leslie, *Talk Dirty to Me*



Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist:
Candida Royalle (left), *Champagne for Breakfast*



Best Director:
Gerard Damiano, *Fantasy*



Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist:
Seka, *Inside Seka*

Gunrunning

We'd heard it was going on, but it wasn't easy to get an actual photo. This event usually takes place in total secrecy.

Why are gunrunners forced to sneak across borders to arrange a meet? There may be a strong push for gun control, but this kind of harassment is really on the wrong track!



Camera Buffs

We're up to our noses in beavers! And that's not a bad situation when the

result is the latest edition of **BEAVER HUNT**—a hot collection of brand-new photos we just couldn't squeeze into our *Beaver Hunt* section. Watch your newsstand for **BEAVER HUNT**, or send \$3.95 plus \$1 for handling to Flynt Subscription Co., Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067). It's the mag that keeps Polaroid in the pink!



Double Your Pleasure

This guy with two cocks doesn't have to stop fucking to take a piss. But by the same token, when he gets VD, it's twice as bad. According to the reader who contributed this aging photo, the unretouched relic belonged to his deceased grand-

father. Some old men just collect stamps.

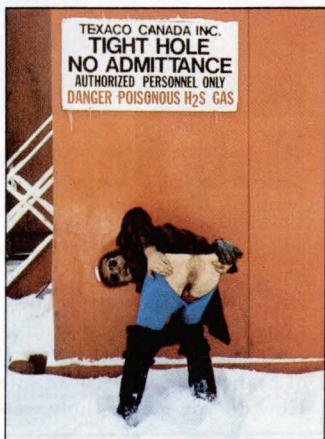
Historically speaking, though, this could have been the beginning of an ancient Oriental custom—choosing one from Column A and one from Column B.



Pucker Up for Safety

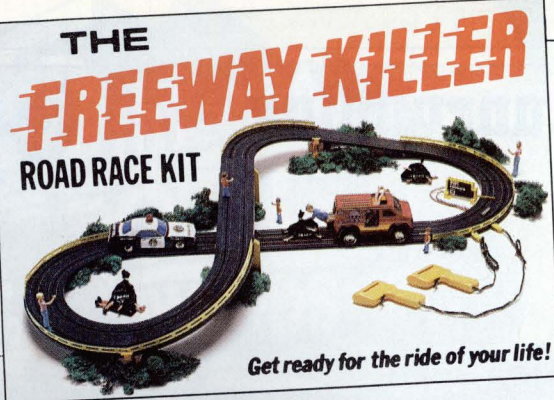
This photo, which was submitted to *Bits & Pieces* by a Canadian reader, has cleared up a big mystery for us.

Now when we hear the giant oil companies declare they're spending all their profits by investing millions in the search for new reserves of natural fuel, we know exactly where they're looking.



Thrills, Chills and Kills

How about a road-race set that brings you the *real* danger of a California highway? Not nine-car pileups and trucks jackknifing, but the murder and mayhem wrought by the mysterious Freeway Killer! This kit has all the accessories you need to commit the crimes: young male victims, a Highway Patrol chase vehicle, the deadly Freeway Killer pickup van, heavy-duty trash bags, and a combination body-counter/lap-timer. See who can commit the most hideous murders before the cops catch up! This is the kind of fun you can have only on the West Coast!



Ma Bell Shows Her Stuff

According to a reliable source | this ad had its phones ringing—
at Mountain Bell Telephone, | with calls of protest. It seems

This Christmas, he's giving her
some country charm.



Make this Christmas a fond memory for someone special. With the gift of a beautiful Design Line® phone. Here's a phone that'll bring country comfort to any home: the Country Junction®, in authentic oak, priced at only \$265. But whether you want a phone that's rustic or elegant, you can find a style to fit every decor and every personality. At prices that can also fit your budget when you use our easy payment plans. And because they're genuine Bell phones, you're getting the best there is.

So come see them all at your PhoneCenter Store. And ask us about "Big Hello" gift certificates that can make this Christmas a happy time for one and all. Choose a gift that's never out of date for someone you love.

Mountain Bell

IT'S FOR YOU

*Trademark of AT&T Co. With purchase of a new Design Line phone, the consumer pays the entire telephone and maintains a limited warranty. A maintenance agreement for continued service beyond the warranty period is available for an additional charge. Local Long Distance service is available. Endorsement charges may apply.

PHOTOGRAPH: CUMMINGS 1217 E. Camelback, 8:30am to 5pm, Mon.-Fri.
DOWNTOWN 44 W. Monroe St., 8:30am to 5pm, Mon.-Fri.
MARICOPA 1042 W. Indian School Rd., 9:00am to 5:00pm, Mon.-Fri.
PHOENIX 21 W. Peppert, 9:00am to 5pm, Mon.-Fri.

the photographer inadvertently placed those two charming bells, which bear a strong resemblance to tits, directly in front of the model's similar apparatus. After the ad ran in such newspapers as the *Arizona Republic* and Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, phone calls began to stream in with complaints about the ad's supposedly sexist nature. The phone company quickly withdrew the ad. Well, we never expected Ma Bell to have any balls anyhow.



Holy Suppositories!

This parody of the Catholic ritual of Holy Communion, in which the parishioner takes a wafer anally, is French humor magazine *Hara-Kiri*'s subtle comment on the condition of religion in its country. The caption reads, "It's official. The French no longer believe in God." While we're not sure *Hara-Kiri* (10 rue des Trois-Portes, Paris, France 75005) speaks for all of France, it does raise an interesting question with this photo. How do you get the holy water in?



Butterfly Collecting Made Easy

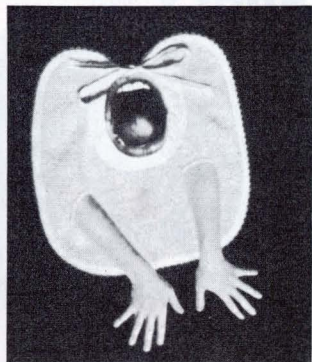
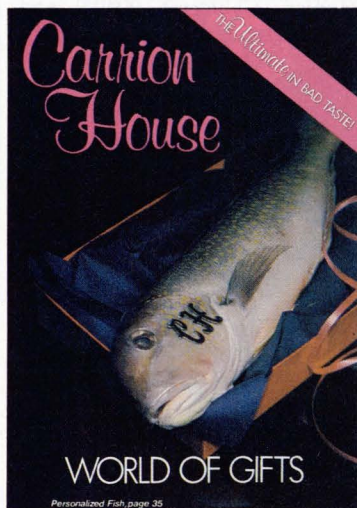
Why run around in the bushes and try to catch butterflies with a net when the quickest method is right in front of your nose... or, actually, right in

front of your car? The grill of your auto is always full of interesting specimens; so why not display it to impress your friends? A short and speedy

drive through the countryside will ensure instant mounting and a large selection of smashed butterflies that you can examine and enjoy for hours.

The Little Woman

It may look like the world's smallest hooker sitting on her fee, but it's really a tiny replica created by Leon Johnson of Seattle, Washington. Leon sent us this photo of his miniature, "Fannie," and said he also made her a boyfriend with a six-inch piece of brass wire for a cock. The wire supposedly fits through Fannie, and if it's plucked a certain way, she moves like she's being fucked. So would most women with a piece of six-inch brass wire up their cunts, Leon. But we're sure Fannie appreciated the thought.



Gifts for All Seasons

If "it's the thought that counts," giving the gifts in this catalogue would have your friends wondering exactly what you think of them.

Although it's only a weak takeoff on HUSTLER's annual guide to tasteless Christmas gifts, the Carrion House Catalogue's gift suggestions are often bizarre enough to warrant a look. Presents like the ones

shown here—personalized fish, a living bib and a lizard briefcase with wheels—help this collection live up to Carrion House's slogan, "The Ultimate in Bad Taste!" For information on how to obtain a copy of this selection of fictitious gifts, check your local bookstore or write to St. Martin's Press (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010).

Ads We'd Like to See

Every woman
has something to fear
on her wedding night.
But this time...



He Knows You're a Virgin

**Busted
Cherry
PRODUCTIONS**

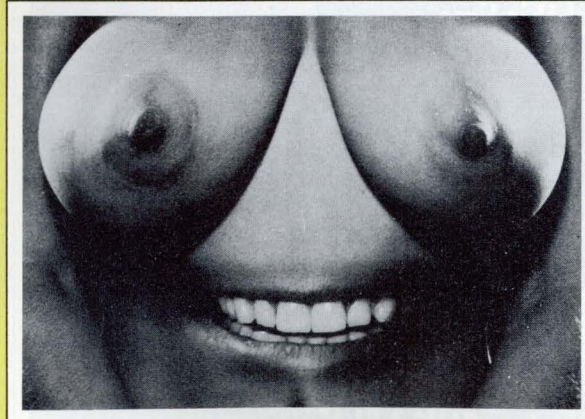
Three Dead Mice

We often hear about lab mice that get sick testing artificial additives in our food. But how about the *people* who get sick from the *mice* in our food?

According to news reports, a father and daughter in Delaware suffered severe cramps and diarrhea after they almost finished off a bottle of Log Cabin syrup before noticing it contained three dead mice. They filed suit against the manufacturer, General Foods Corporation, and were awarded \$95,000 by a Delaware Superior Court. This is typical of our legal system's warped sense of justice—the mice got nothing.



What a Set of Teeth!



We know the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but this photo-illusion shows a woman with a more direct route. Available as a postcard from the American Postcard Company (119 Elizabeth Street, New York, New York 10013), this mixed-up anatomy would raise a new problem in dental hygiene—how to get belly-button lint out of your teeth.



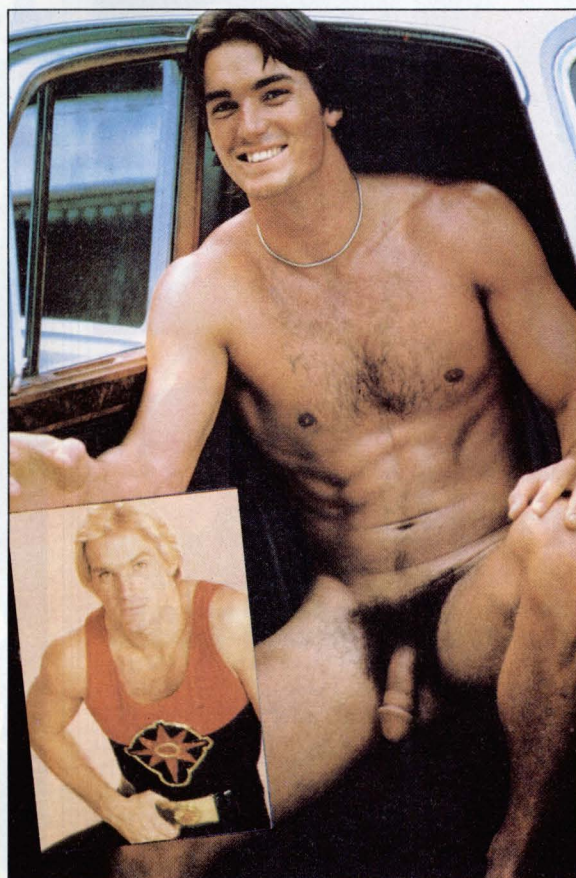
The Executive Branch

If you read an article in the March HUSTLER entitled *George Bush: A Heartbeat Away From the Presidency*, you know about the dreaded "Zero Factor." Since 1840 no president elected in a year ending in 0 has left the White House alive. So, in an effort to stay as close as possible to the aging President Ronald

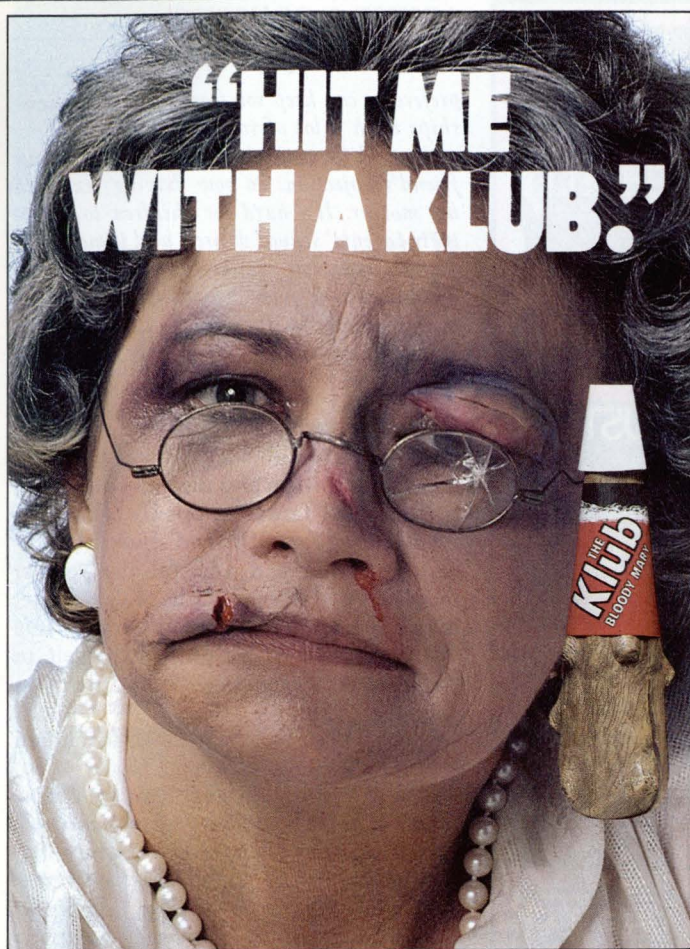
Reagan, VP George Bush has taken up residence in Amy Carter's tree house on the White House lawn. Shown here during the transition period, Bush displayed to the photographers his goodwill toward outgoing residents Amy and her cousin by asking them to leave without using the ladder.

Flash or Flasher?

This nude young man is none other than Sam Jones, the star of *Flash Gordon*. The photo is from a set originally published in a 1975 issue of *Playgirl* (3420 Ocean Park Boulevard, Suite 3000, Santa Monica, California 90405) and



recently rerun in its January 1981 issue. At the time, Jones's hair was brown. It seems the scandal and uproar that used to surround the sexual openness of an actor in his pre-celebrity days has subsided. Ten years ago widely circulated photos like this one would have been the kiss of death for a major film career. Today this kind of exposure can send an actor or actress rocketing into success. If this guy could save the universe, just think what a HUSTLER Honey could do!



We'd Be Glad To!

In an effort to grab the cocktail-drinking Golden Age set, the above ad was run in magazines and plastered over billboards by the Club Distilling Company of Hartford, Connecticut. Our version (left) relieves the frustration of seeing that wrinkled puss just begging for a real belt. Right? Okay, now that that's been taken care of... did somebody ask for a nice Hawaiian Punch?

HUSTLER Update

THE PROS AND CONS OF GUN CONTROL
January '81

The reaction by the general public to the rise in



violent crime shows it to be as divided on the subject of gun control as the experts questioned in our article. According to a recent survey by pollster Lou Harris, 67% of the American public wants some kind of tougher gun-control legislation. At the same time, the National Rifle Association—the principal anti-gun-control lobby group—says it has experienced an “incredible” increase in membership.

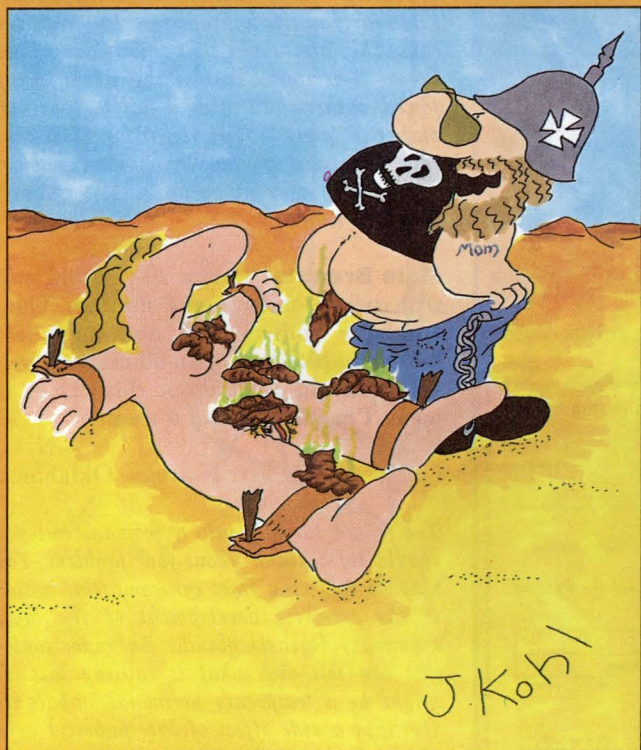
RETRACTION: In the December 1980 issue of HUSTLER there was an in-depth article on the questionable dealings of a religious sect known as the Hare Krishnas. In it, author George Hill discussed some of the incidents that had led to criminal proceedings. In particular, Hill discussed a drug-smuggling/ murder-conspiracy trial involving defendants Joseph Davis and ALEXANDER KULIK. According to the article, “some of the evidence that helped convict him [Joseph Davis] was supplied by Alexander Kulik, whose murder-conspiracy charges in the death of Steven Bovan were dropped in return for his drug-smuggling testimony.” This is a misstatement. It implies that Kulik received special treatment from the prosecutor in return for information that resulted in Davis's conviction. This assumption on the part of George Hill is not true. Later contacts with several D.A.'s offices and the prosecuting attorneys revealed that Kulik was, in fact, an *uncooperative* witness who testified *for*, not against, Davis.



Looking For New Material

Here's the zany comic Gallagher, who CHIC profiled in its August '80 issue. Since he's reading our other sister publication, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION—perhaps he's thinking about how to involve GC's centerfold in a new act.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



“Of course, I respect you! I didn't shit on your face, did I?”

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For April, \$150 and thanks to Mark Siren, Ken Petersen, Paul Marquardt, Solis Cooperson and Leon Johnson. 🐾

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

preference can keep you from having relationships with a lot of interesting women.

In addition, don't be surprised at your friend's objections to your having sex with his mother. It's hard for children to accept their parents' sexual desires, and it may seem almost incestuous to him that his mother would want a lover his own age. Sleeping with your pals' mothers is also likely to result in heated arguments and the loss of a lot of friendships.

Rape Fantasy: My girlfriend and I are both in our mid-30s. We have a very good relationship and discuss our sexual feelings and fantasies openly. I'm concerned that my girlfriend's favorite fantasies (during sex and in daydreams) involve rape themes. She lives alone, and I worry that she might try to live out her fantasies by putting herself in dangerous situations. What do you think?

—V. R.

Detroit, Michigan

It's highly unlikely that your girlfriend wants to be raped or would intentionally put herself in danger. According to Nancy Friday, the author of several books on sexual fantasies (*My Secret Garden*, *Forbidden Flowers* and *Men in Love*), rape themes are common among women's sexual fantasies.

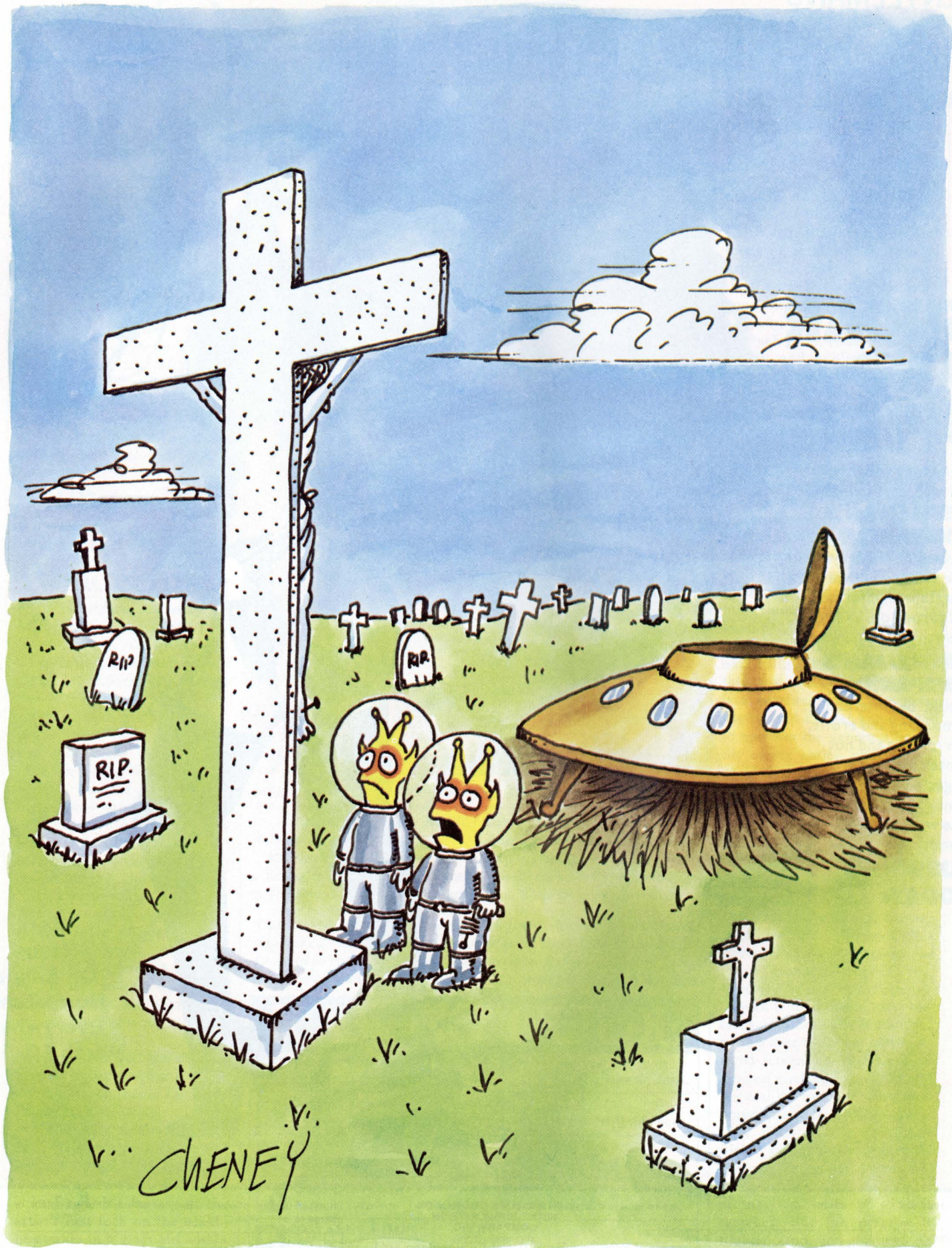
Friday stresses that what we choose for our daydreams is not necessarily what we want in reality. She speculates that many women begin early in life to fantasize about rape because they are taught that sexual desires are taboo. Therefore, fantasizing about being forced, rather than being a willing partner, makes it "okay." Some researchers note that rape fantasies are less common in younger women who have grown up in more sexually liberated times.

Male Breasts: I am a 20-year-old guy with two problems—my nipples. They are large and swollen, and my chest looks just like that of an adolescent girl. What should I do about this? Does it mean I'm turning into a woman?

—N. C.

Norman, Oklahoma

You're not turning into a woman, but you should see a doctor about your problem. You may be suffering from gynecomastia, which is the excessive development of the male mammary (breast) glands. An endocrinologist can tell you what is causing this. It might be a temporary hormonal imbalance (perhaps a side effect of late puberty) or a sign that there is something wrong with your glandular system. The important thing is to check with a physician, because your problem can be solved medically. 🐼



"We'd better get out of here! If that's their favorite religious symbol, can you imagine what they must be like?!"

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by
Thomas H. Schulz

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Young, Wild and Wonderful

Produced and directed by Jim Clark; starring Arcadia Lake, Kandi Barbour, Hillary Summers, Sally O'Keefe, Lisa Beth, Richard Bolla, Eric Edwards, Jake Teague and George Payne.

This is a good-natured, prick-lifting film that delivers sex and laughs in hefty portions. In *Young, Wild and Wonderful* a busload of oversexed high-school students takes a field trip to a New York City art museum. The kids couldn't care less about the finer points of fine art though.

As a museum art instructor (Eric Edwards) lectures and shows slides of masterpiece nudes to the group, the youngsters hoot and howl. And when they're not making out in the aisles, they find their own sexual imaginations working overtime.

Young, Wild and Wonderful is a series of sex ploys and often-fascinating hard-core fantasies. Edwards, for example, dreams of being the famous painter Paul Gauguin, who left France for the tropical paradise of Tahiti.

In Edwards's fantasy of the artist's first fuck on the island, he awakes in a grass hut with a pair of nympho natives, played



Jake Teague and Hillary Summers "play doctor" in 'Wonderful.'

by Arcadia Lake and Kandi Barbour.

Richard Bolla is well-cast as a horny museum curator. One of the female students wanders

into his office, claiming to be lost, and he rallies to help the hapless bobby-soxer. But when she utters a sexual innuendo or two, Bolla begins to give the girl

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

a crash course in the fine art of fucking.

Lest you think teenagers are being exploited in this film, the high-schoolers are porn veterans and clearly adult actors and actresses. It's something of an obstacle to the picture's believability. But to director Jim Clark's credit, the energy and spirit of reckless abandon he brings out in the cast make them seem but a few years beyond their teens.

Young, Wild and Wonderful is as much good, clean fun as it is bawdy and explicit. Its only serious blemish comes during a fantasy of a teacher (Lisa Beth). On seeing slides of some ancient Greek and Roman statues—the kind where the musclemen aren't even wearing fig leaves—she's transported back in time.

Eventually, she is ravaged by a group of toga-clad Roman senators who fuck her face with such a vengeance, it seems their real intent is to poke a hole through the back of her head.

With lighting, camerawork and editing that rarely falter, this easy-to-take comic grinder is a surefire pleaser. Its even pacing and upbeat humor, not to mention the generous quantity of sex antics, place *Young, Wild and Wonderful* high on our list of films to see.

—Manny Neuhaus

Inside Seka

Produced by Howard A. Howard; written and directed by Seka and Ken; starring Seka, Ken, Merle Michaels, Ron Jeremy, Ron Hudd, Anthony and Tara Mann, George Payne, Christie Ford and Marc Valentine.

Seka is the hottest, most luscious, most sexually sensational actress ever to appear on the X-rated screen. *Inside Seka*, written and directed by the star and her real-life husband, Ken, supposedly reveals actual events in their lives. True or not, this flick is sure to put your favorite raincoat through its paces.

The structure of the film is ordinary—a series of explicit sketches. But the premise is slightly more imaginative. As Seka and Ken are balling, she

tells him juicy tales about her life prior to their marriage.

With hot, breathy whispers, Seka tells tales that would make most men burn with jealousy. But for Ken, hearing these stories of his wife's erotic exploits only heightens the excitement of their sex together.

In flashbacks we see it all. Like the time Seka sucks off three men in a warehouse while the foreman (Ron Jeremy) is left to jerk himself off between the stacks of crated stereo equipment.

And in one scorching sequence Seka tape-records her own masturbation session. Dressed in one of the dozens of sexy lingerie outfits she wears throughout the picture, Seka uses a large economy-size dildo to bring herself to an incredible climax, writhing with a gusto unequaled on the blue-movie screen.

Many a sex film has failed for skimping on women's roles. But it would take a pack of fuck-hungry fems to match the carnal charms of the lovely (and obviously horny) Seka.

She has a lesbian encounter with well-known porn actress Merle Michaels that sizzles with the kind of spicy action porngoes thrive on. In a neat twist, Seka calls her husband during the scene and then leaves the phone off the hook so that Ken too can get off on their



'Inside': In a scorching love sequence Ron Hudd lets his fingers (and his tongue) do the walking in Seka.

lovemaking. Just as the girls are about to bring each other off, in comes Merle's male roommate to round out an already-steamy sex scene.

The camerawork is as fine as you're likely to see in any movie, regardless of budget or rating. Although uninspired dialogue kept it from getting HUSTLER's highest rating,

that's no reason for you to miss the flick. *Inside Seka* is perhaps the hottest "Inside" picture ever made.

—M. N.

Afternoon Delights

Produced by Cliff Carter; directed and written by Warren Evans; starring Eric Edwards, Merle Michaels, Veronica Hart, Vanessa Del Rio, Samantha Fox, Serena, Larry O'Brien, Ken Schwartz, Ron Gianelli, Harry Jacobs, Christie Ford, Sleepy Le Beef and Bobby Astyr.

Afternoon Delights opens with a promising plot. Five divorced men gather for a poker game and end up swapping juicy tales about their ex-wives. It's too bad that the film becomes little more than a series of run-of-the-mill fuck sequences though.

Peter Farrell (Eric Edwards) is the host. When his four friends arrive for what they think will be a card game, Farrell instructs them each to write down the dirtiest bit of gossip they know about their ex-spouses. Their stories are placed in a box, and each man takes a turn reading an unsigned confession. Then they have to guess which story goes with which person.

In the first tale Merle Michaels plays an ex-wife who can't get enough sex, especially in the morning. Heavy equipment is used as erotic symbolism. Michaels peers out her window at a construction crew, and notices a pounding jackhammer piercing holes in the pavement and a demolition crew jabbing a rod into the ground. This turns her on, of course, and she begins masturbating. The scene is subtle, but sexy.

Had the film maintained this level of sensuousness, it would have earned a higher rating. Though each of the raunchy tales is well-conceived, most are poorly executed.

Samantha Fox does a bit as one of the ex-wives, a librarian by day and a dominatrix by night. But she's all too pleasant to really pull it off believably. In another scene Vanessa Del Rio dresses up like a guy in order to slip into a porn theater. Once inside, she services all the men as they watch a blue movie. And, in one of the other stories, Veronica Hart plays an ex-wife who goes to a dentist (Bobby Astyr) and ends up being ravaged by him and his assistant (May Reynolds) after they sedate her. But Hart's acting talents are simply not fully utilized in the role.



Merle Michaels (top) and Seka (bottom) get it on in 'Inside Seka.'



Christie Ford is the obedient maid in an 'Afternoon Delights' fantasy.

In the masturbation sequence featuring Merle Michaels, the camerawork, lighting and expert editing come together to create some truly erotic footage. The film quickly runs out of steam, however, and what results is a fuck film of little better than average quality.

—M. N.

Silky

Produced by Howard A. Howard; directed by Arthur Kraud; starring Merle Michaels, Hillary Summers, Gloria Leonard, Sandi Suarez, Monica Devon, Wayne Daniels, Ron Jeremy, Robin Byrd, Rick Iverson, Christine de Schaffer, Bobby Astyr, Ron Hudd and Marc Valentine.

Here are some of the most vile, disgusting and tasteless scenes you're ever likely to see in a porn flick. But films like this almost always manage to find an audience.

Silky is little more than a series of unrelated slices of life. In the opening shots you'll see a hairdresser (Sandi Suarez) and one of her customers, played by Gloria Leonard, adjourn to a private hideaway. Presumably, they want a little time alone to discuss the latest hairstyles.

When you first hear Suarez's throaty whisper, you might begin to wonder about her. But some girls do have low voices. Then you'll see Suarez's tits, and they're just too round to be real. If you still haven't caught on, you might lose your lunch when her underwear comes off revealing that the "lady" is

hung like a horse. Surgery and hormone shots have turned Suarez-the-man into the she-male oddity you'll see in *Silky*.

Those hardy souls who have managed to hang in there through the she-male scene face tougher challenges ahead. In virtually every flesh film there's almost always an anal-sex bit. The one in *Silky* is so realistic,

though, it's fortunate that theaters only pipe in sight and sound, and not smell. If they did, the theaters playing this gross attempt at cinematic art would smell like well-used shithouses. The sequence features Robin Byrd—and whatever it was she had to eat the day before.

This film is the work of producer Howard A. Howard. Despite his leanings toward anything sensationally offensive, he occasionally manages to show some style in *Silky*, especially in the editing and sound. There are long interludes without music, creating a stark background for some sex scenes, and they come off well. There are a few exceptionally well-framed images, and some better-than-average sex.

Silky's more agreeable moments do feature several good porn stars. But their talents are wasted in this loser of a movie. In any case, if you have a strong stomach, you might want to see *Silky*—if only to find out for yourself where some people's taste is these days. —M. N.



Hillary Summers takes a backward ride in one of 'Silky's' better moments.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

**A Scent of Heather
Bon Appetit
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Exposed
Fantasy
Fascination
Games Women Play
Kiss and Tell
Platinum Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie**

Three-Quarters Erect

**Caligula
Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
Insatiable
Kate and the Indians
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Sizzle
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a... Tramp
Ultra Flesh**

Half Erect

**Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Chopstix
Female Athletes
Hot Legs
Olympic Fever
Screwple
Small Town Girls
Sunny
The Girls of Mr. X
Vista Valley P.T.A.**

One-Quarter Erect

**Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique**

Totally Limp

**Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries**

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Fame

By Brad Benedict; Harmony Books, 1 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$9.95 paper, \$19.95 hardcover.

Brad Benedict has the knack of producing truly unique books. One of them—*Phonographics*—is a 12" square collection of record-album art that looks like an actual album. In *Fame* there is page after page of beautifully reproduced pictures of famous people. The art is drawn from commercial illustrations, advertisements, the artists' own folios and even some originals Benedict asked for to fill out the book.

The artists come from all over the world, and they utilize just about every artistic tool you've ever heard of, except maybe a hammer and chisel on a flat rock. There's lots of airbrush, ink, pencil, watercolor, collage over photographs, acrylics, oils—you name it. Some of the artists achieve their effects with careful detail, others with a simple slash of line and curve. Yet in no case do they fail to attain absolute, instant recognition.

Peter H. Shriver writes in the foreword: "As you look through *Fame*, notice the number of celebrities you recognize, and consider how much you know about them." You'll be surprised—as I was—at how many you recognize and how much you remember.

As Brad Benedict says, "The point of this book, like fame itself, is recognition."

And there's more, for the artist is something besides a gifted hand. He has a head: He has feelings and emotions, like laughter, fury, derision, devotion, admiration, sympathy and pity.

Pity? There's a starkly pitiless Richard M. Nixon sinking up to his eyebrows in something soft and gooey, and it ain't fudge. But there's another Nixon collapsing in despair in the arms of a stolid Henry Kissinger, and it makes you realize that whatever your opinions, what was happening was hurt-



'Fame': Larry Flynt as a nun, by Joe Heiner; Robert Blue's portrait of Betty Page.



ing. And there's a Marilyn, a Jane, a Jayne, a Burt and a Deborah who are all outrageously painted with the bodies and beaks of ducks. There's a Nimoy in a Mickey Mouse Club hat, ears and all; a Brando, a Deneuve and a Dylan so perfectly rendered, you'll have to look twice to believe your eyes.

Some of the reproductions in *Fame* originally appeared as HUSTLER and CHIC illustrations. The book includes Joe Heiner's famous portrait of Larry Flynt in a nun's habit, and Robert Rodriguez's Statue of Liberty with Flynt's face.

There are more than 320 celebrity illustrations in the book, and 320,000 words would not do them justice. Grab it.

Shared Intimacies

By Lonnie Barbach, Ph.D., and Linda Levine, ACSW; Anchor Press/Doubleday, 245 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10167; \$12.95.

The Victorian idea that women are pure, innocent and need sex instruction from men endures. This could be one reason why the line between getting fucked and getting fucked up is hazy for some women. If a woman expresses her sexual wants, a man might just walk away, thinking she's no longer pure and innocent. No kidding! It happens time

and time again in this book.

Not that it's a catalog of complaints and anti-male propaganda. Far from it. The book is an upbeat, very constructive, honest and cheerful collection of accounts by and about real people. The authors first got this information from women who came to their encounter groups. These women jumped at the chance to share their attitudes and experiences with other women, and they eagerly brought their friends.

Before the authors knew it, they had tons of interviews—with teenagers, grandmothers, lesbians, the rich and poor, the educated and dropouts. Barbach and Levine make a point that their work is not about what percentage of graduates like to suck guys' nipples, or the like; rather, it is about sharing. And the things they share will bend your mind and unbend the rest of you.

Men and women are different. We've all figured that one out by now. What a lot of us don't know is that there's an important difference between one woman and another. One woman might be turned off completely by a tongue in her ear, but will swing from the chandelier if you lick behind her knee. Another woman likes everything and everybody scrubbed up squeaky-clean, while still another likes sweat, saliva, and people who smell like people, not like drugstores. Some enjoy sex in the daytime,

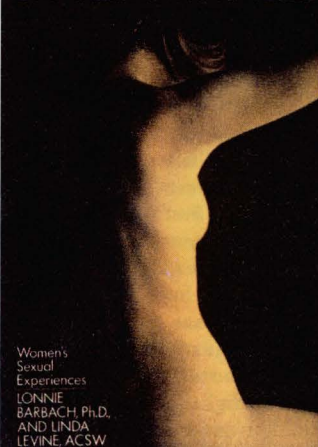
or on the floor, or outside, or real quick or with the lights on.

Most men and women have been afraid all their lives to speak up about what they like in sex. Many have solved this problem by inventing games or fantasies, or by rewording complaints like "You don't ever..." to positive suggestions like "I really love it when..."

Barbach authored *For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality*, a runaway best-seller acquainting women with their own bodies and responses. She and Levine are recognized sex therapists who have done us all a real service by writing *Shared Intimacies*.

You want to become known as a mighty lover? They'll tell you how. First, you find out what your woman wants. How do you do that? You ask, pal. You ask.

SHARED INTIMACIES



Women's Sexual Experiences
LONNIE BARBACH, Ph.D., AND LINDA LEVINE, ACSW

Sex by Prescription

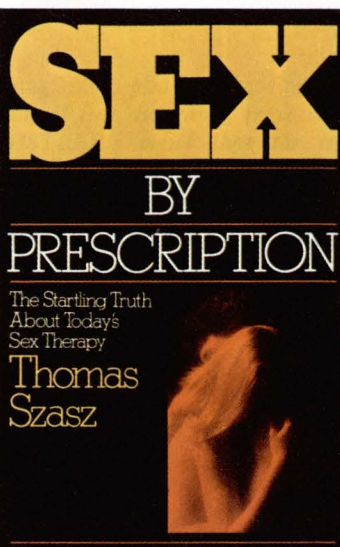
By Thomas Szasz; Anchor Press/Doubleday, 245 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10167; \$10.95.

At the end of his book Dr. Szasz writes: "Few modern men or women believe that if they engage in certain sexual acts, they will go to hell when they die, or that if they renounce sex altogether, they will go to heaven. But many seem to believe that if they read the right sex manual, seek the counsel of the right sex therapist or find the right partner, then they will enjoy unremitting sexual satisfaction, in a loving encounter with another, with integrity and dignity, day after day, year after year, for 40, 50 or more years. The absurdity of this image is a measure of the absurdity of modern sex education and sex therapy."

That passage is a measure of the absurdity of this bullshit book. If there are "many" people who believe they can get all that from reading the right sex manual or consulting the right therapist, I've never met one. And I know a lot of people, and I've read a lot of books.

Yet, beginning and ending with that as a theme, Szasz takes off on a vicious attack on sex therapists in general and Masters and Johnson in particular, with some special flak to throw at Dr. Mary Calderone. (Calderone is a pioneer in this field, a mainstay of Planned Parenthood and the founder of SIECUS, the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.) Because she advocates scientific investigation of sexual matters—medical, psychological and, above all, cultural—Szasz accuses Calderone of "scientism" and of favoring state-controlled sex education. He discusses Masters and Johnson's use of a surrogate to help an impotent man, and he expects us to be shocked that the woman was paid.

Not only does Szasz want sex education out of the schools and doctors' offices, he wants it out of the medical colleges as well. Isn't there already enough ignorance about sex among doctors—the authorities a troubled man or woman goes to first?



What pisses me off most about *Sex by Prescription* is that I've been very impressed by Thomas Szasz for a number of years, and to see him come out with this kind of crap makes me feel betrayed. It's a shrill book—in the sense of being hysterical—like those that claim there were ancient astronauts, or others that say there were no ancient astronauts.

Sex by Prescription comes off like books asserting that all scientists are flaming atheists, or that people who are looking for intelligent life in space are out to rob us taxpayers. Up until now Dr. Szasz hasn't belonged on that bookshelf.

Breasts

By Daphna Ayalah and Isaac J. Weinstock; Summit Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; \$9.95.

Breasts: Women Speak About Their Breasts and Their Lives is not a book about tits. It's about breasts.

For thousands of years breasts have been one of art's symbols for beauty, and for millions of years the basic symbol of life. How it came about that something which so profoundly represents life and beauty came to be regarded as indecent, obscene or dirty is a mystery. That a breast can be exposed "legally" if the nipple is covered is another paradox. Apparently, it's the nipple that is indecent or obscene, but only if it belongs to a woman or young girl.

So here's a book about breasts. Ayalah and Weinstock have put together a 286-page


book with photographs of them on practically every page. The authors interviewed the women photographed. These aren't posed "art" photos. They're just straight-on or profile pictures of breasts that hang down, stand out, are big, small, uneven, black, brown and white, with big nipples, tiny ones or none at all.

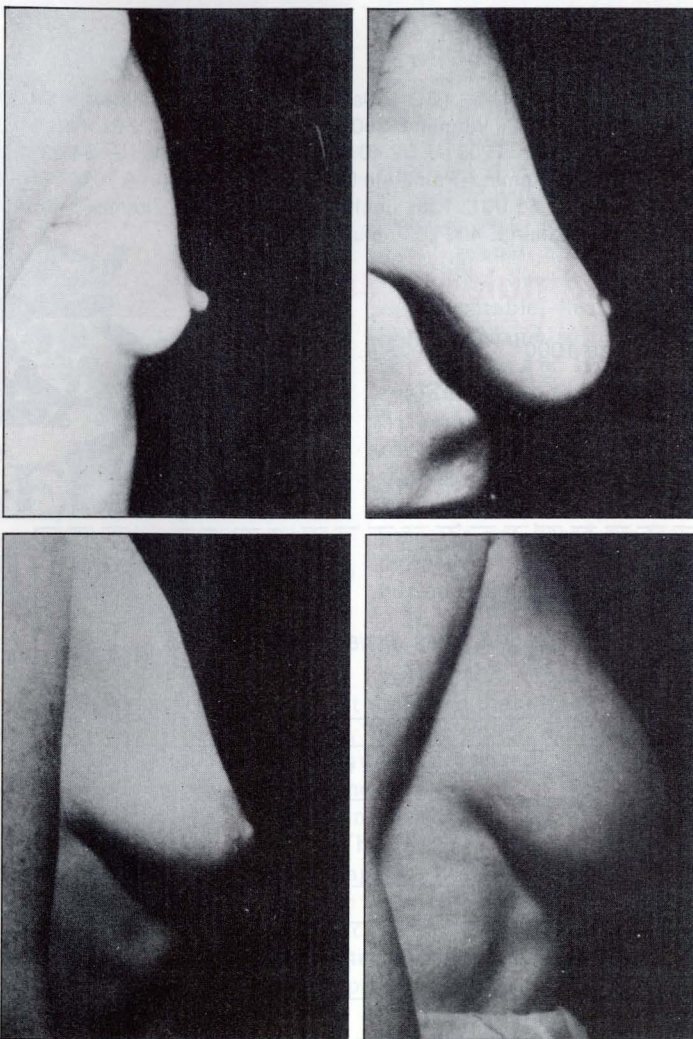
The authors found that most women are intensely curious about other women's breasts. But a key point was the devastating emphasis on breasts that the modern girl grows up with. A man will spend his entire encounter with a bank teller or receptionist looking at her tits but never her face. Fathers tease their daughters about their breasts being too big or too small. Mothers bind their little girls' chests to keep their breasts from blossoming. Schoolboys don't even know girls exist until suddenly they sprout boobs.

One of the worst horror sto-

ries of all is about a girl whose breasts were fully developed at age seven. At 15 her mother made her undergo reduction surgery, which was terribly painful and left her with scars. Having tried it out on her daughter, the mother then had her own breasts reduced, quite successfully. The daughter, meanwhile, has spent most of her life being rejected, resentful and miserable.

The most delightful tale comes from a girl who was surrounded by five Italians one night in a railroad station in Italy. They joined hands, sang to her, then closed in and unbuttoned her blouse, oohing and aahing the whole time. When they saw she was freaking out, the men ran away and came back in a minute, each with a chocolate-ice-cream cone, which they presented to her. She realized then that they meant nothing but sheer admiration.

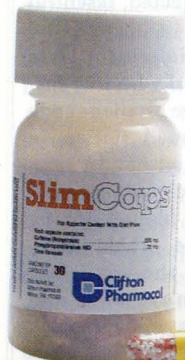
Breasts is a thoughtful and thought-provoking book. 



'Breasts' uncovers how women think and feel about their boobs.

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Hula hoops, roller discos, miniskirts and jogging are fads Americans love. But *sexual* fads have more important and far-reaching consequences than the entertainment, fashion or sport of the hour. Because sexuality is at the very heart of our psychological health and behavior, you should think twice before jumping into the newest trend.

And wouldn't you know it? Just when things were getting good, the latest fad on the sexual scene is *no sex at all!* The "new celibacy" advocates claim turning off to sex turns them on to new heights of intimacy, sensuality and creativity. "More and more people are choosing to be celibate," reports Berkeley psychologist Dr. Gabrielle Brown, author of *The New Celibacy* (McGraw-Hill, \$10.95). "For many people, sex... is just about as exciting as football the week after the Super Bowl. Too much of a good thing reduces its charm."

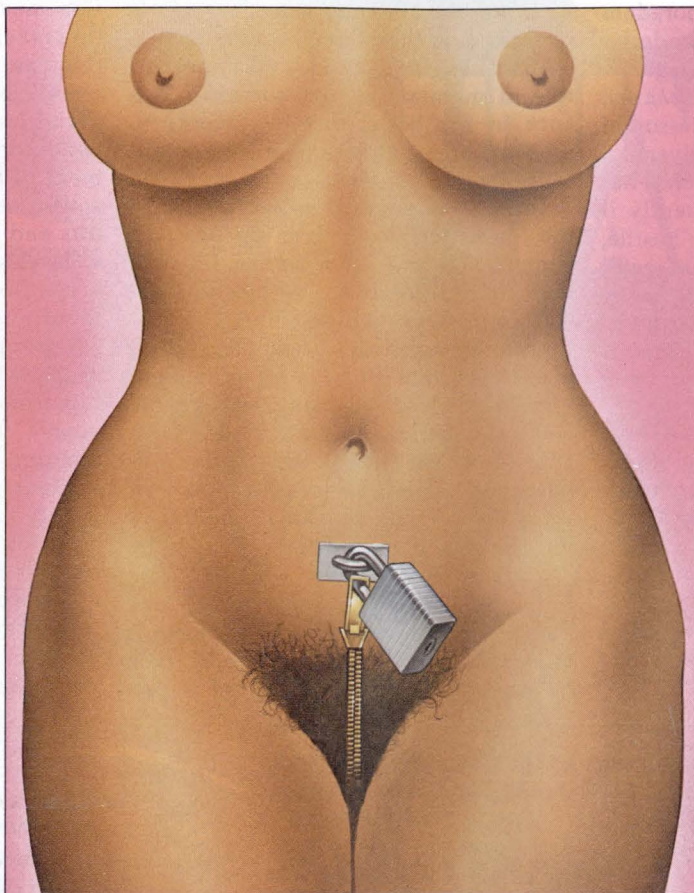
Who are these people turning off to sex? Have they really found something better, or are they just drop-outs suffering from sexual fatigue?

According to the *Village Voice*, the Rolling Stones' Mick Jagger claims that celibacy helps him avoid a lot of problems, and pop artist Andy Warhol finds cracking jokes in bed more fun than having sex. But celibacy is certainly nothing new. Many renowned people throughout history have at some time in their lives tucked sex away for a while. Ludwig van Beethoven, Sir Isaac Newton and George Bernard Shaw all went through a sexual cooling-off period.

That's why Brown and other reporters of the fad make such a point of separating the "new" philosophy from the "old" celibacy, which dates back to pre-recorded time. It's believed that primitive man thought fucking was taboo before acts of courage. A roll in the cave with the woman might make him lose a battle, or return meatless from a hunt.

Later civilizations thought holding off

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



CELIBACY: IS AMERICA GIVING UP SEX?

by Dennis Rinsler and Marc Warren

made a person more spiritual. In fact, celibacy is practiced in most of the Eastern religions—sometimes during certain life periods, sometimes as a life endeavor. And while this is changing somewhat in modern times—for instance, Buddhist monks are now permitted to marry—a celibate life is still the preferred way.

In Western religions, attitudes toward celibacy are more or less split down the middle. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* states that, upon ordination, "the candidate [for the priesthood] is understood to

bind himself by a vow of chastity. He is henceforth unable to contract a valid marriage, and any serious transgression of this vow is not only a grievous sin in itself, but incurs the additional guilt of sacrilege."

In Judaism it is quite the opposite. The *Shulhan Arukh* (the code of Jewish law) says: "Every man is obliged to marry in order to fulfill the duty of procreation."

The masters of repression were the Puritans, whose anti-erotic influence kept America in a sexual dungeon until the dawn of the 20th century, when the theories of Austrian psychiatrist Sigmund Freud began to cause a stir in the minds and glands of millions. Freud said sex was a basic life force essential to human development. He shocked the world by describing the bodily satisfaction of sexual love as one of the most important things in life.

Over the next 50 years the walls of sexual repression gradually began to crumble, making way for the "free love" sexual revolution of the 1960s. Sex was considered desirable, healthy and fun. It became so ingrained in American life, you couldn't avoid it if you tried. At present, however, there seems to be a backlash against sex; some people are again down on fucking. This time it's not based on fear, repression, sin or guilt... but on escape.

In an article on sex therapies (*Psychology Today*, August 1980), Virginia Adams points out that even though sex is on the Okay list, "paradoxically, a lot of people aren't much interested in it, even though they are capable of sexual functioning and wish they had an appetite for it." Whereas five or ten years ago the chief complaint heard by sex therapists was some form of sexual dysfunction—and clinics were springing up all over the country to help people get off—today the problem seems to be a lack of desire.

Leading sex therapists like Dr. William Masters and Dr. Helen Singer Kap-

lan view the current flagging interest in sex as pathological. Gabrielle Brown writes: "They see it stemming from hostility, depression, anxiety and other sex-inhibiting neurotic restrictions." She adds that, "according to Dr. Otto Kernberg, director of a psychiatric hospital in Westchester County, New York, what a couple may describe as boredom with sex is really a cover-up for underlying rage and hatred in the marriage."

In the *Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior*, Hugo C. Beigel, Ph.D., a professor of psychology at Long Island University, warns us that "prolonged abstinence has proved injurious. All too frequently it promotes the development of hostile, acrimonious and malicious character trends..." and "is blamed for many instances of frigidity... impotence... sexual aberrations... premature ejaculation, weak erections... and so on."

But the list doesn't stop there. Growing evidence suggests repressing sexual urges can lead to physical illness. Such a pattern was observed in a study of 430 prostate-cancer victims by Dr. I. D. Rotkin of the Preventive Medicine Department of the University of Illinois. He speculates a connection exists between the buildup of male hormones from sexual inactivity and prostate cancer.

Women too may be taking chances by avoiding sex. In a study of 300 married women, Dr. Arne Gjorgov of the University of Pennsylvania found that women whose husbands used rubbers had a five times greater probability of developing breast cancer than those who used other forms of birth control, such as the Pill or the diaphragm. Gjorgov says the presence of semen in a woman's vagina may play an important role in maintaining the hormonal balance in her body, thereby helping to prevent breast (and possibly ovarian) cancer.

In spite of such views, adherents of the "new celibacy" claim an array of benefits, ranging from simple relief at being out of the sexual rat race to a liberating, nonsexual awakening.

One "new celibacy" devotee, Judith, is a 38-year-old editor for a prominent women's fashion magazine. Her sex life had been active. In fact, by her own admission, she had been "fairly promiscuous" since she was 15. After 20 years of "free-lance fucking" she finally put the cork in it, and claims now to be "exhilaratingly liberated."

Joseph is 31 years old. After three "bitter and unrewarding" marriages—one right after another from the time he was 18—he decided to cool it per-

manently. He left San Francisco, "where the temptation was too great," and is now a ranch hand in Benson, Arizona.

These and other "New Celibates" say their nonsexual lifestyle has made them happier, more creative and more productive. It's Freud's theory of sublimation: Sexual energy can be channeled into other areas of life. Some even claim this can lead to the creation of great works in the arts and sciences. But Freud himself wrote that "sexual abstinence does not promote the development of energetic, independent men of action, original thinkers or bold innovators and reformers; far more frequently it develops well-behaved weaklings who are subsequently lost in the great multitude."

Lost or not, there is more than a drop of truth in the idea that taking a vacation from sex can make it more exciting later. Celibacy may be just the thing if you find yourself in a sexual rut, overly anxious, bored or just plain fucked out. But celibacy is not for everyone, and even for those who want to try it, it's best to make a *selective* approach. In other words, it needn't be a lifetime commitment. If a week cools you off, great; or maybe a month or two is just the thing to put you straight again.


For those who need a break, the rules are simple:

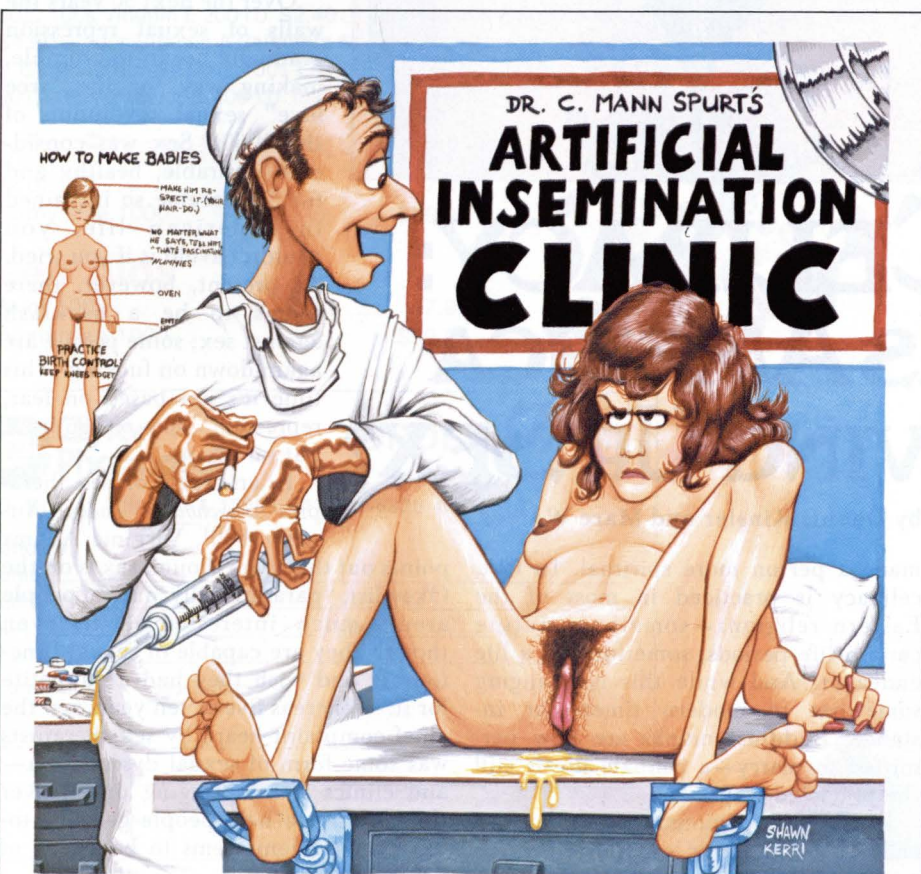
1. Lighten up. Remember, you're taking it easy. No pressure. Just relax and enjoy new areas of interest.

2. Avoid all sexual thoughts. Constantly thinking about sex can be just as sexual as having it, but never as rewarding.

3. Masturbation is out. Give those glands a break!

After a while, a week or so, you may start to enjoy a feeling of yearning and anticipation. Dr. Natalie Shainess, a New York psychiatrist who has studied celibacy, notes that temporary abstinence can be a tremendous turn-on. "This deferral of gratification," she says, "can actually be a positive choice in favor of more intense pleasure... later."

It's possible that abstinence can make the heart grow fonder. As a temporary break from sex, or as a natural method of birth control (which many women commonly use), doing without can be a fresh and revitalizing technique. As a permanent escape from boredom, frustration and pressure, however, celibacy can be physically and emotionally destructive. Hiding from sexual problems rarely offers a solution. It makes more sense to work on building a healthy and rewarding sex life that feels right and natural for you. 



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THE KLAN RISES AGAIN

Modern Methods for Old Hatreds

We are training our members and their children to protect our families, teaching them how to use AR-15 semiautomatics and how to survive. Some of the children receiving training in guerrilla-warfare tactics are as young as eight. I would even like to start them a little younger, maybe at six, because I believe young white boys are capable of handling it at that age. We do not mean to promote racial warfare. [But] it is realistic to assume that it could happen. . . . There will be no Pearl Harbors for the white people of this country.

—Louis Beam, Grand Dragon,
Texas Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

The battle lines are relentlessly being drawn—in the secret training camps of the South, in the well-attended cross-burning rallies in the North and Midwest and in the violent racial confrontations of the West. Following a decade of slumping membership, the KKK—founded shortly after the end of the Civil War—is drawing upon new terror techniques and old hatreds to bring about its ultimate goal, a racially segregated social and political system in the United States. Nationwide, the hate group is enjoying a marked rebirth by skillfully playing on white America's resentment against mandatory school busing; the influx of aliens from Asia, Cuba and Mexico; and federally enforced affirmative-action programs designed to increase job opportunities for blacks and other minorities.

Much to its delight, the Klan is also benefiting from the nation's chronic

Article by George Hill





inflation, recurring recession and spiraling unemployment—ingredients that in the past have traditionally led to revived interest in the group. According to the Anti-Defamation League, the KKK's official membership now stands at more than 10,000 nationwide, an increase of 25% in little more than a year. ADL also estimates that the number of Klan sympathizers has risen from 30,000 to 100,000 during this same period.

Besides former trouble spots such as Little Rock, Arkansas, and Montgomery and Selma, Alabama, successful Klan gatherings and propaganda campaigns are being conducted in unlikely locations far afield from the Deep South. Last September, for example, a Klan conclave 100 miles from New York City attracted more than 450 spectators. Held in a cow pasture in the town of Scotland, Connecticut, the state's first public Klan rally in 60 years brought out hooded Klansmen, sympathizers wearing "INVISIBLE EMPIRE" T-shirts that cost \$6 apiece, frenzied onlookers calling out the names of blacks they wanted burned and the actual burning of an enormous cross.

Two months later the Los Angeles County Human Relations Commission expressed alarm about increasing Klan activities in the nation's third-largest city. Its 22-page report noted that in one

local area KKK literature offered to provide arms to "good white citizens" and recommended that "the only way to handle the [black and Mexican] gang problem is for the whites to begin a campaign of shooting all the young gang members." The commission warned that unless Klan activities were countered by the government and an aroused community, the Los Angeles area would face the possibility of terrorism and class warfare.

To a certain extent that was already happening in diverse areas across the country as the Klan flexed its muscles—growing increasingly belligerent and violent. In 1979 the Justice Department recorded nearly 50 Klan-related incidents, compared with eight in all of 1978. Augmenting the usual cross-burnings, beatings and firebombings, there were the following occurrences over the past 18 months:

□ In Greensboro, North Carolina, four Klan members and two American Nazis were charged with murdering five Communist Workers Party supporters in a shoot-out during a bloody anti-Klan rally.

□ In Walkertown, North Carolina, gunfire erupted at a KKK rally to raise money for those about to be tried for the deaths of the Communist Workers in Greensboro. Despite videotape evidence

damaging to the defendants, an all-white jury acquitted them.

□ In Decatur, Alabama, two blacks and two whites were shot and wounded in an armed confrontation between black demonstrators and 100 Klansmen.

□ In Birmingham, Alabama, 20 KKK members, including a local policeman, were indicted by a federal grand jury on charges stemming from shootings into the homes of NAACP leaders and of racially mixed couples.

□ In Vineland, New Jersey, after on-lookers displayed weapons and threatened violence, police arrested 21 Klansmen and American Nazis preparing to attend a Klan rally.

□ In Fontana, California, a white man was arrested for the attempted murder of a black telephone-company lineman, a shooting the victim's wife claimed was linked to the Klan.

□ In Chattanooga, Tennessee, violence erupted after an all-white jury acquitted two men, including the Imperial Wizard of the Justice Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, charged with the shotgun shooting of four black women leaving a bar.

□ In San Diego, California, two Klansmen, including the head of a local Klan group, were charged with the execution slaying of a third Klansmen they believed was a police informant.

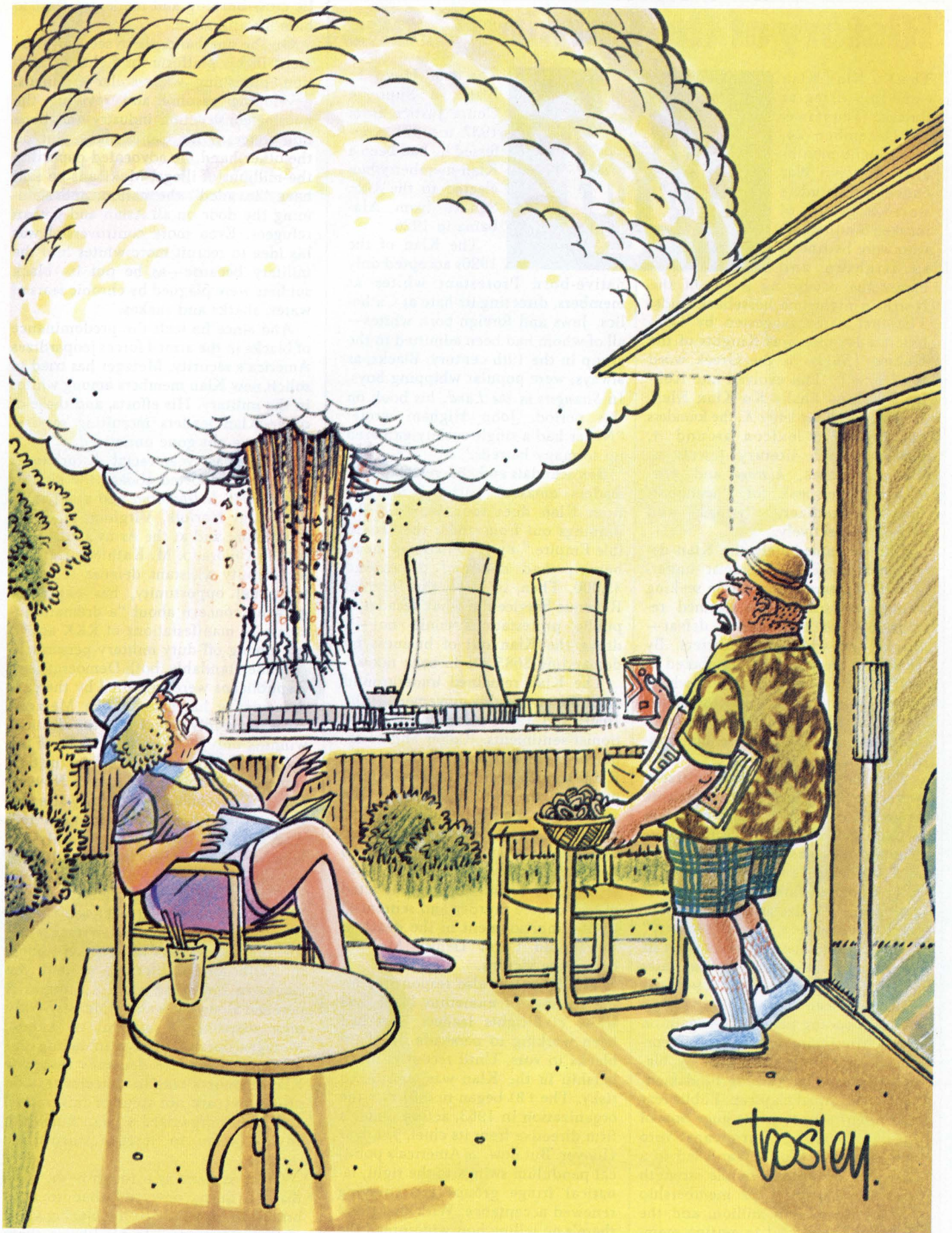
□ In Los Angeles three members of a San Fernando Valley Klan chapter were convicted of a plot to assassinate the national director of the Jewish Defense League.

□ At Camp Pendleton, California, 16 noncommissioned officers and privates found to be members of the KKK (and thought to be responsible for outbreaks of racial unrest at the Marine base) were transferred to other installations.

Even more disturbing than this scattering of violent headlines is the more subtle approach to achieving white supremacy embraced by Tom Metzger, one of the Klan's new breed of racists. Publicly, at least, the former Grand Dragon of the California Klan appears to campaign for nonviolent solutions to the nation's problems. But deep down he is just as dangerous as any of the cross-burners and bigots who support him.

Last year the 42-year-old television repairman suddenly emerged on the national scene by being nominated as the Democratic candidate in California's 43rd Congressional District, near San Diego. At first, Metzger worked his potential constituency with vigor, campaigning as a conservative Democrat and small-business man rather than as a KKK leader. But after campaigning for only ten days, he participated in a pub-





"Oh, shit... there goes the weekend!"

History of the Burning Cross

The Ku Klux Klan came into being at Pulaski, Tennessee, on December 24, 1865, eight months after the Civil War ended. Its founders were a group of masked Southerners who wore bedsheets to frighten and



harass the occupying forces of the North in nighttime horseback raids. The first name suggested by Confederate loyalists was Knights of the Kuklos. (*Kuklos* is the Greek word for "circle.") This evolved into Kuklos Klan and finally Ku Klux Klan. Obsessed with the letter *K*, the founders constructed a lexicon around it, devising such literary jewels as *klavern*, *kleagle*, *klarago* and *klectokons*—Klan-speak for "headquarters," "organizer," "guard" and "dues" respectively.

Almost immediately the Klan developed into a white-racist underground military organization seeking vengeance upon those deemed responsible for the South's defeat—blacks and white sympathizers. By 1868 its membership numbered a half-million, many of them white-robed night riders who swooped down on villages, burned houses and farms, whipped Unionists and massacred blacks.

Thousands of innocent citizens were lynched during this vigilante reign of terror. If a black man was even suspected of seducing a white woman, he was castrated, tarred and feathered, and hanged from a tree. Congress finally took remedial action in 1872, declaring the KKK "a fearful conspiracy against society" and ordering federal troops to end its "criminal operations." A year later military authorities reported the Klan had been stamped out.

But it sprang back to life again on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Georgia, in late 1915, motivated by blatant bigotry, backwoods fundamentalism and ritual claptrap. Public fear and resentment over the huge flow of foreign-speaking Europeans into America after World War I led to a dramatic resurgence in the strength of the Klan. By 1922 membership had soared past 5 million, and the Klan was successful in getting members elected to local and state offices—and even to the U.S. Congress.

The late Hugo L. Black, a Supreme Court Justice from 1937 to 1971, confessed he had been a Klan member when elected to the U.S. Senate from Alabama in 1926.

The Klan of the 1920s accepted only

native-born Protestant whites as members, directing its hate at Catholics, Jews and foreign-born whites—all of whom had been admitted to the group in the 19th century. Blacks, as always, were popular whipping boys. In *Strangers in the Land*, his book on this period, John Higham wrote: "Never had a single society gathered up so many hatreds."

Sex scandals and charges that state leaders amassed personal fortunes from Klan dues soon knocked the pinnings out from under the "Invisible Empire." By 1930 national membership had declined to around 35,000. Then, in 1944, the Internal Revenue Service did what decades of public protestations could not—it drove the Klan out of business by demanding \$685,305 in back taxes.

The Klan remained underground until the civil-rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s rekindled segregationist sentiments. Rallies and cross-burnings once again returned the Klan to national attention, culminated by the 1963 bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama, which killed four young black girls. Fourteen years later former KKK member Robert Edward Chambliss was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the death of 11-year-old Carol Denise McNair, one of the victims.

The Klan was also responsible for the slayings of numerous black and white civil-rights leaders who had been working to persuade Southern blacks to vote. Until recently, membership in the Klan was considered risky. The FBI began to infiltrate the organization in 1963, acting under a firm directive from its chief, J. Edgar Hoover. But now, as America's political pendulum swings to the right, fanatical fringe groups are enjoying renewed acceptance. With this trend there's no telling how widespread the hate-mongering Klan's influence will become.

lic cross-burning and made no effort to hide his affiliation.

On the one hand, there seemed to be merit in his platform for fighting inflation, punishing white-collar criminals, developing gasohol and reviving the housing-construction industry—all bona fide concerns for Californians. But on the other hand, he advocated deporting the millions of illegal Mexicans he said have "invaded" the nation, and slamming the door on all Asian and Cuban refugees. Even more controversial was his idea to recruit more whites into the military because—as he put it—black soldiers were plagued by chronic fears of water, sharks and snakes.

And since he feels the predominance of blacks in the armed forces jeopardizes America's security, Metzger has tried to solicit new Klan members among whites in the military. His efforts, and those of other Klan leaders recruiting servicemen, have not gone unnoticed.

In the past year racial disturbances have been reported aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Independence* and other ships docked at Norfolk, Virginia; at Camp Pendleton; and at the Army's Fort Carson, in Colorado. M. Kathleen Carpenter, deputy assistant defense secretary for equal opportunity, has expressed growing concern about "a dramatic increase in manifestations of KKK activity" among off-duty military personnel.

Understandably, both Democrats and Republicans were mortified by the candidacy of a hate-monger like Metzger. He was roundly defeated in the election, winning only 35,107 votes (13.5% of the ballots cast). But months before the outcome he had said: "If I lose in November... I've won a major victory already. I've accomplished what I set out to do." And that was to increase not only the Klan's media visibility but its credibility as well.

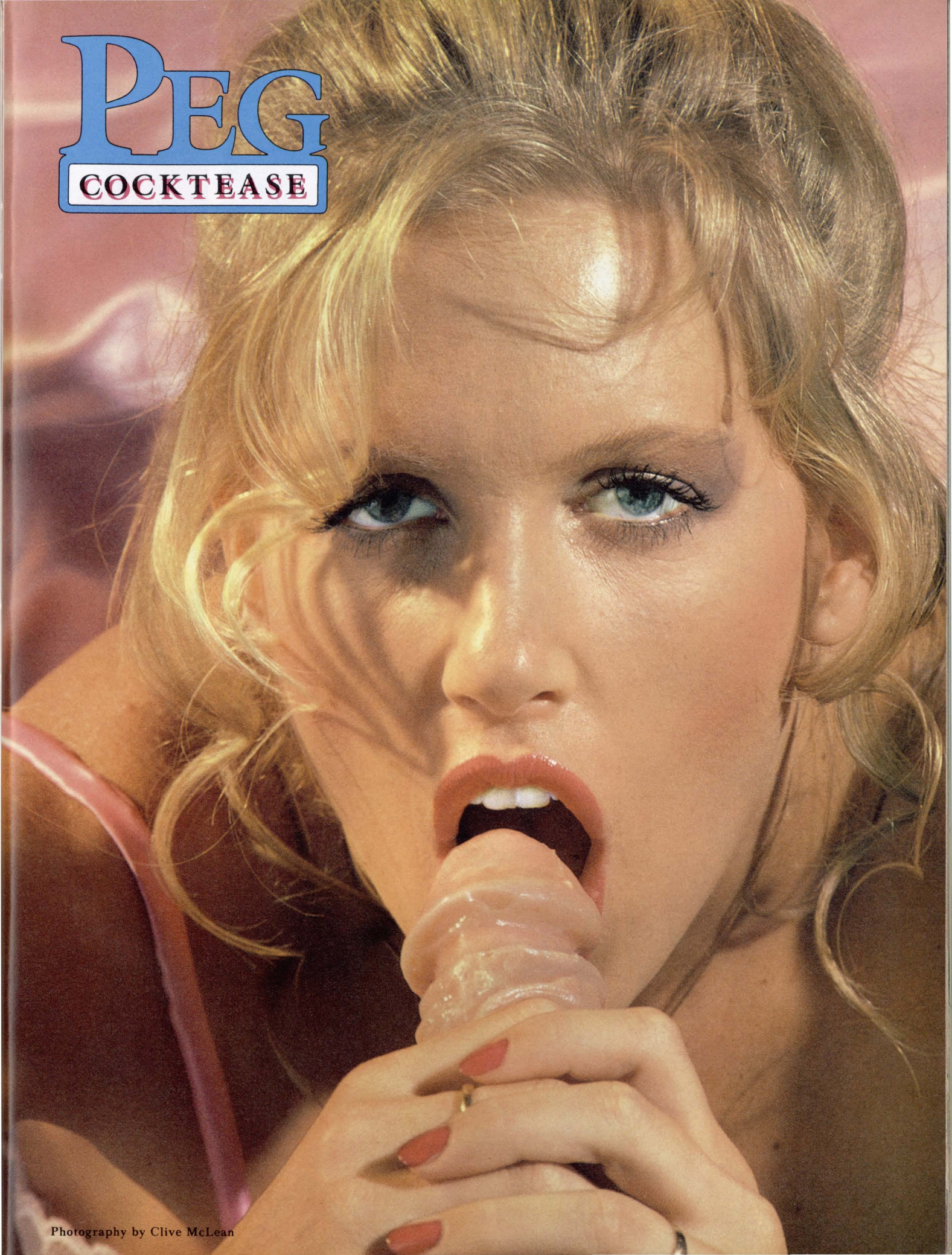
With his expanding celebrity status, Metzger has installed a closed-circuit-television surveillance system that monitors the doorways of his well-kept home in Fallbrook, California, around the clock. In his living room a shotgun is perched along the wall within easy grabbing distance. A student of karate, Metzger doesn't believe in taking unnecessary risks. He demands that new Klan members take lie-detector tests to prove they are not spies or infiltrators, and he has organized a Klan Bureau of Investigation to screen prospective recruits.

Close at hand is a rough-hewn cross that he burns now and then to celebrate—in his words—"the blazing spirit of the white race." In his library there are dozens of anti-Semitic books with

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PEG

COCKTEASE



Photography by Clive McLean



"I've always been a cocktease," says Peg as she demonstrates her affection. Tasting the soft, firm flesh, she runs her supple tongue along the ridges, priming her mouth to swallow the throbbing shaft. Teasing herself over and over, she builds to that ultimate moment when she has to admit that modern toys are fun, but the real thing is better.







[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)





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such titles as *Did Six Million Really Die?* and *The Hitler We Loved and Why*.

His desk is littered with Klan propaganda extolling the good points of Hitler's Third Reich, and pamphlets describing the supposed animalistic sex habits of blacks. Also on hand are "Christian" religious tracts warning Caucasians that God has ordered the extermination of Jews before the white race becomes "polluted."

Prominently displayed and available for a price are "Kigys"—plastic statuettes of a robed Klansman, which are suitable for mounting on a car's dashboard, instead of the usual Saint Christopher. There is also a stack of Metzger's *California Klan News*, a hate sheet that peddles \$35 custom-tailored Klan robes and warns the group's various racial, religious and political targets with messages such as: "Ye rotten hides we slew before... We'll torch ye rodents' nests at night."

When the five-foot-six-inch native of Warsaw, Indiana, stands to speak, he paces like a miniature General Patton, snapping his fingers to make telling points. "I am [actually] not a nonviolent person," Metzger insists. He says he believes violence is best used in

self-defense at this stage. Rejecting the Southern-based, redneck Klan's mania for secrecy, he adds, "You should run for office openly, hold public meetings in public halls, get front groups going, infiltrate and play dirty like they [the government] do."

Metzger also talks about directing much of his energy toward recruiting new members, with a special emphasis on young people. His own five children and those of other Klansmen are encouraged to join Scout-like troops for recreation, training and indoctrination. To get across the point that the Klan is a family organization, they show up en masse—wearing "KKK" T-shirts—at bowling alleys, picnics and rallies.

In more than a dozen cities nationwide, Klan operatives have distributed leaflets to high-school students asking: "Are you fed up with black, Chicano and [Oriental] criminals who break into lockers and steal your clothes and wallets?" The solution, according to the printed material, is to join the Klan Youth Corps.

On high-school and college campuses members of that group ride around in so-called Klan Vans and distribute a wide variety of venomous literature. "Have you 'had it' with blacks following you home to beat you up, or 'holding' your lunch money for you?" one leaflet

asks. "Are you 'fed up' with special privileges given to blacks by the School Administration simply because they are black? Are you really 'uptight' because White girls have to submit to being molested by crowds of grinning black thugs? ... The only way to put a stop to all this nonsense is to unite and pressure the school board and teachers into giving Whites equal treatment. ... Blacks have their 'black-student unions,' and now we have the Klan Youth Corps, fighting for White students and their interests."

At a KKK summer camp in Jefferson County, Alabama, robed counselors teach boys and girls ages ten to 18 the fundamentals of racial supremacy and how to use guns. Recently, near Decatur, Alabama, Klan leaders took a group of "KKK" T-shirted children on a picnic that offered much more than the usual hot dogs and hamburgers. While hundreds of proud parents cheered them on, the kids burned an old school bus to protest school desegregation.

Often, Metzger deplors such outbursts. He and the leaders of several other Klan factions like to blame violent behavior on "infiltrators" or "Communists." Nevertheless, they readily admit to stockpiling weapons "for our defense and the coming storm"—the inevitable race war.

A former member of the John Birch Society who has indicated interest in American Nazis in recruiting drives and rallies, Metzger first earned media attention when Klansmen set up a California-Mexico border patrol in 1977. Leading this ongoing action intended to stem the flow of illegal aliens was David Duke, who for years had been the resurgent Klan's Great White Hope. Tall, handsome and college-educated, Duke originated what was called "the litany of the new Klan": racial separation rather than white supremacy. Instead of the traditional robes, he wore well-tailored suits, white shirts and color-coordinated ties at the hundreds of Klan rallies he led or attended.

"I've made the Klan respectable because I know my issues," he boasted from his Metairie, Louisiana, headquarters. "I took the Klan out of the cow pastures and into the hotel rooms."

Duke was so plugged in to the issues, in fact, that he was able to persuade several prominent black leaders—including Jesse Jackson, Carl Rowan and Bobby Seale—to publicly debate with him.

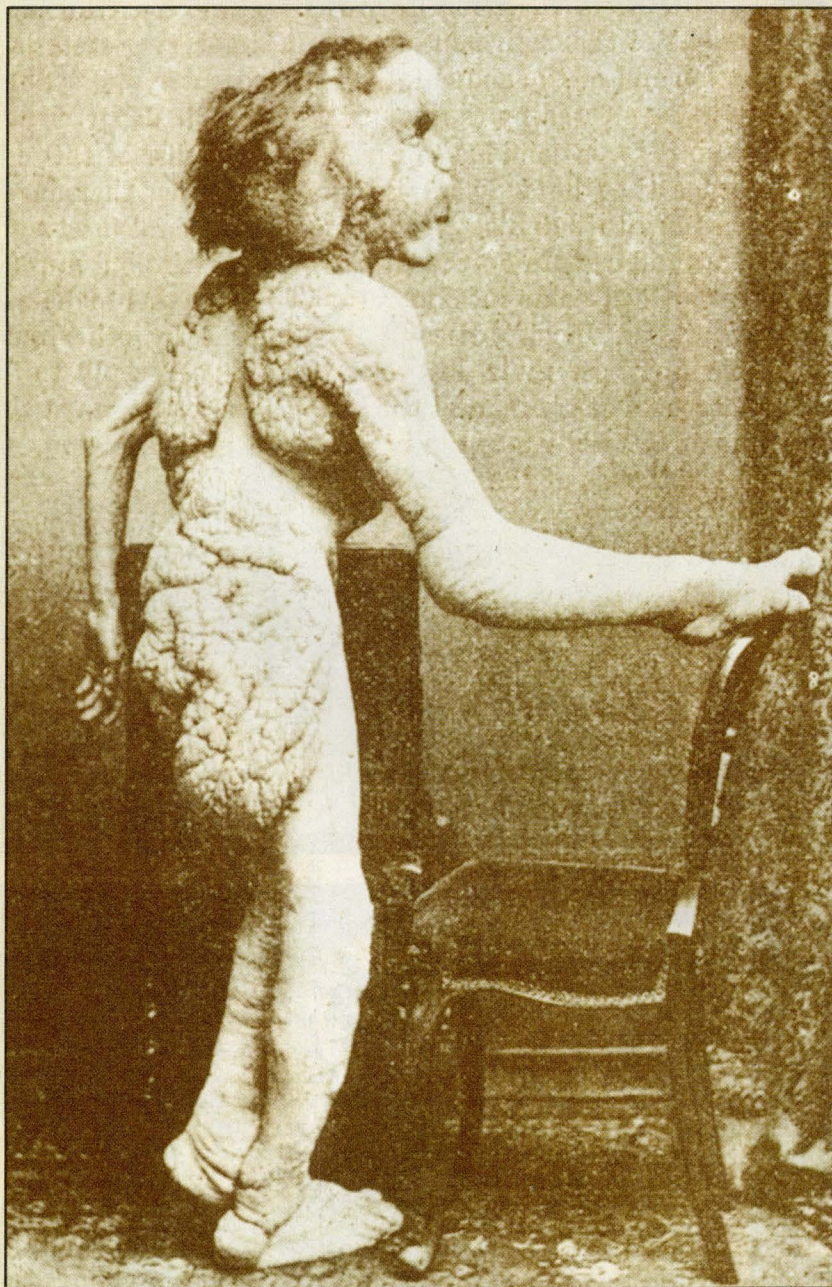
During the time he headed his splinter faction—The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan—Duke averaged 200 radio and television talk-show appearances annually and commanded as much as

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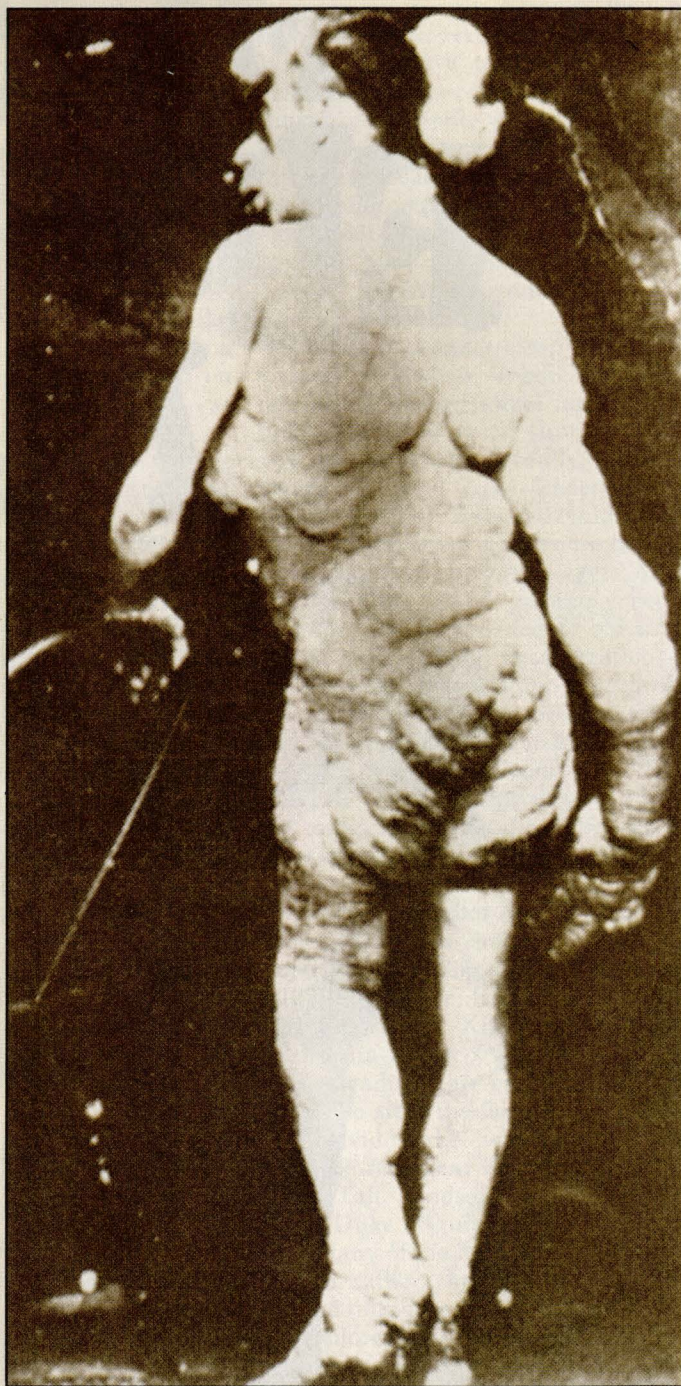
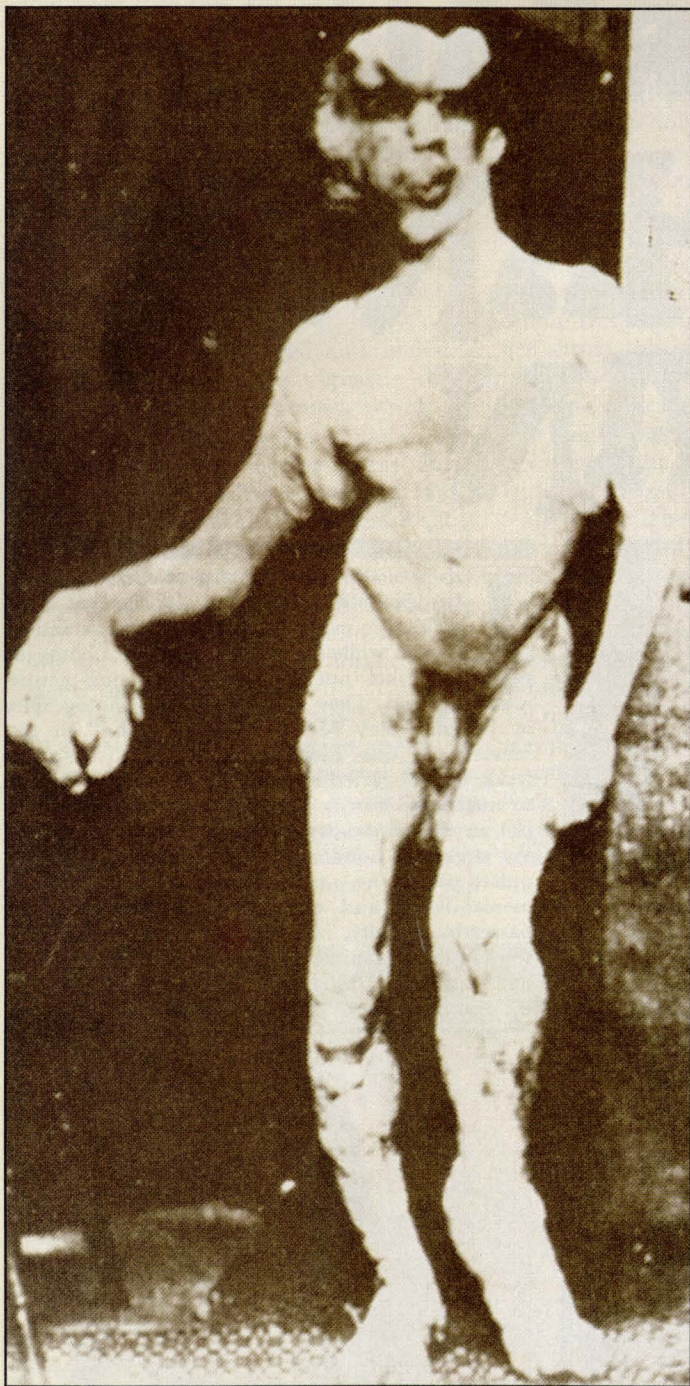
"It must have been someone I ate!"

THE (REAL) ELEPHANT MAN



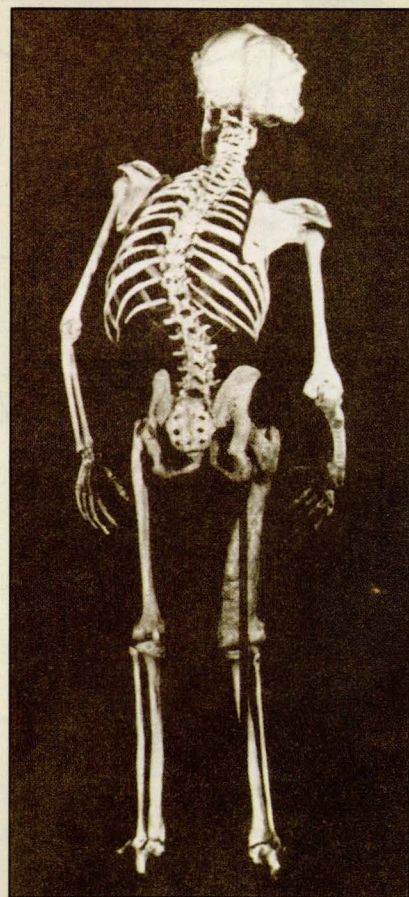
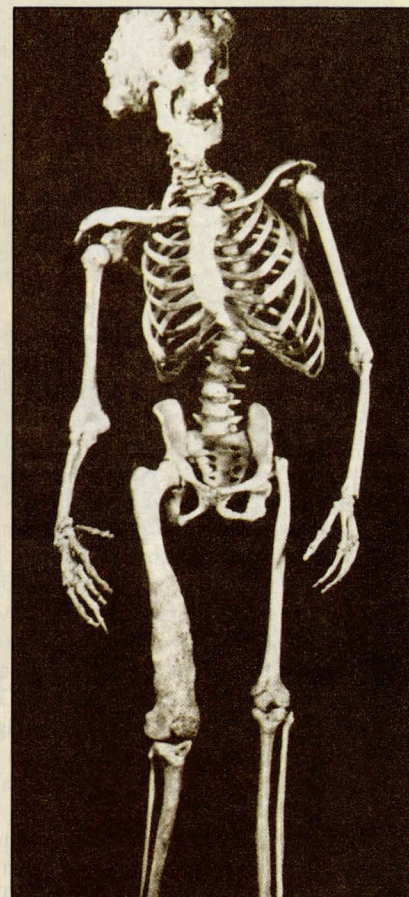
It's ironic that millions of people have stood in long box-office lines to see *The Elephant Man*, a creature most people could barely stand to look at while he was alive. But the photos on these pages are not the work of motion-picture makeup artists. They are actual 1880s photographs of Joseph Carey Merrick (called "John" in the movie), the true Elephant Man. As a side-show freak, he was carted like an animal through Europe to amaze and horrify circus crowds until authorities put an end to the degrading exhibitions. Cast into the streets of London, the penniless drifter so repulsed people, he was unable to find even the most menial labor, and was tormented mercilessly by passersby. Finally, Merrick was given residence in the London Hospital, where intensive examination and testing was initiated to determine the cause of his disorder. Called "The Elephant Man" because of





Above: The only full-frontal and full-rear nude photos of Merrick. Reportedly, his "penis, scrotum and testes appear to have been entirely normal." Left: A mold of his foot shows the tumorous growth that made walking painful and difficult for him. Right: A similar mold of his right arm, which was virtually useless and merely anchored him for standing.





his rough, hidelike skin, Merrick was often incorrectly diagnosed as suffering from elephantiasis. Modern doctors theorize the malady was neurofibromatosis—a condition in which spontaneous and uncontrolled tumors develop on the victim's skin and bones. Merrick personally believed his cursed deformities were caused when an elephant frightened his pregnant mother while she was carrying him.

An incurable romantic despite his appearance, he was disheartened by most women's response—turning away in terror. The first time an attractive woman shook his hand and smiled at him, Merrick wept for hours. Later, finding him witty and pleasant, English noblewomen visited him regularly. Equally ironic as The Elephant Man's current popularity was his death. Due to his enormous head (36" in circumference), he had to sleep sitting up, resting his head on his knees. One night in 1890, buoyed by the normalcy of his life at the hospital, Merrick apparently tried to sleep lying down. Tragically, the weight of his head forced his windpipe closed, suffocating him.

Above: The skull of Joseph Merrick. Terribly deformed by the heavy tumorous growth, it almost lost similarity to a human skull.

Upper right: Merrick's carefully preserved skeleton. His body, bent by the weight of his massive head and by the abnormality of his legs, was further crippled by a hip disease suffered in his youth. Lower right: A rear view of Merrick's skeleton.

KU KLUX KLAN

(continued from page 50)

\$1,200 a speech at public gatherings. Over that six-year period Klan membership in 22 states grew to more than 10,000. His own faction's ranks increased to 3,000—most of them as young, as middle-class and as determined as he was to make racism more respectable by soft-pedaling violence.

But last year the 30-year-old quit because his programs to achieve white supremacy were no longer considered to be sufficiently militant. He raised eyebrows by offering to sell his 3,000-name membership list for \$35,000. The beneficiary would have been Bill Wilkinson, Imperial Wizard of a rival group—The Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, headquartered in Denham Springs, Louisiana.

Duke and Wilkinson had long been enemies, united only in their advocacy of white supremacy. Under the terms of a proposed contract, discussed secretly at a remote Alabama farmhouse, Duke is reported to have offered to resign his Klan leadership and refrain from incorporating any organization using the words *Ku Klux Klan*.

The conversation between the two men—who became adversaries in 1975, when Wilkinson broke off from Duke's

group to form his own organization—was tape-recorded by a free-lance journalist with Wilkinson's permission but without Duke's knowledge. Wilkinson, a 37-year-old electrical contractor, immediately released the contents to the press to embarrass his rival.

"Those people [on the list] trusted you; they depended on you," Wilkinson told Duke during one of the meeting's heated exchanges. "I don't care whether it was 30 pieces of silver or \$35,000—you sold them out!"

Duke retorted: "I'm not selling them out. I'm trying to work as hard as I can for the white race." He later resigned from the Klan to start a new group, the National Association of White People, geared to peaceful opposition to affirmative-action programs, welfare and special scholarships for minorities.

Both David Duke and Tom Metzger direct their recruiting efforts toward the "I'm-mad-as-hell-and-won't-take-it-anymore" middle-class white. They also court lower-middle-income, blue-collar workers, who have been the mainstay of Klan membership for nearly a century and who feel most threatened by job-seeking minorities. As the ranks of the unemployed swell to more than 8 million, the pool of uptight whites from which to draw upon grows even larger.

Duke and Metzger have succeeded in

transforming the Klansman's image from that of the tobacco-chewing, beer-bellied, gun-toting extremist to a clean-cut, articulate advocate of white culture. The change is reflected in the results of a 1979 Gallup Poll.

Public distaste for the KKK has lessened significantly outside the South since 1970, the survey found. The softening of negative views toward the Klan has been most apparent in the Midwest, where highly unfavorable opinions have declined 19%. In the West the decline has been 14% and in the East, 6%. Oddly enough, in the South—the area where the Klan has pursued some of its most-unsavory tactics—the negative proportion has remained at 59%, the same as it was nine years ago.

The Anti-Defamation League, which monitors Klan activity around the country, warns that personalities such as David Duke deliberately "tone down" their real views for public consumption. "We have seen no evidence that there's been a change of heart—only a temporary change of tactics," says ADL Director Irwin J. Suall. "If the climate changed, and they felt it would be possible to perpetrate acts of violence and get away with them, we think they'd do it."

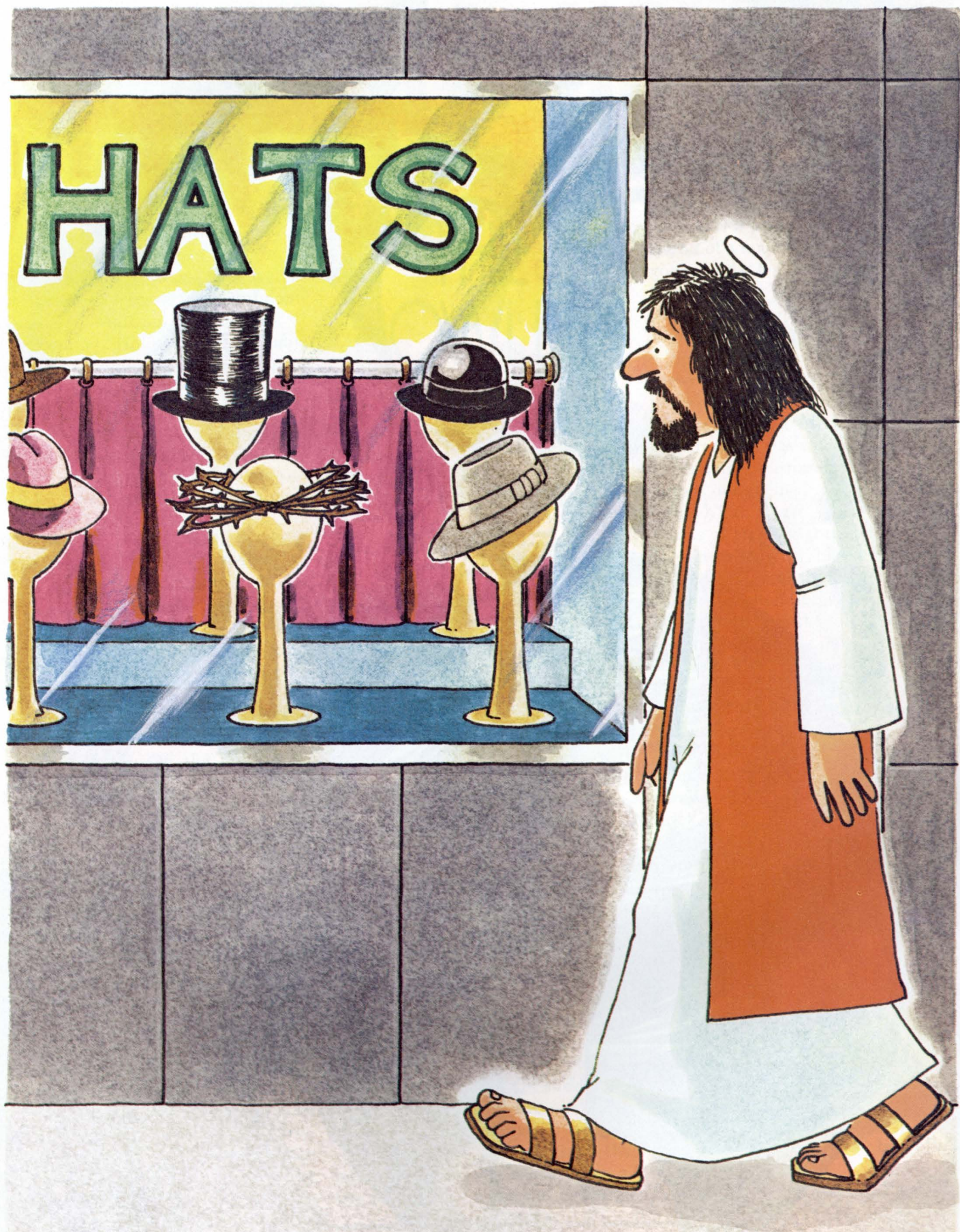
Also convinced that the Klan will become more violent as time goes by is Lyle Abbott (a pseudonym), a former KKK terrorist now living in California under the Justice Department's witness-protection program. The 44-year-old Mississippian turned informer after other FBI informants turned *him* in—thus ending a reign of terror in Alabama and Mississippi that included the bombing of synagogues and the residences of NAACP and Jewish leaders.

"The Klan will continue feeding upon the polarization of the races because of integration and busing, white resentment over civil-rights abuses and—in some cases—civil-rights advances by blacks," he predicts. "Its appeal to the middle-class distrust of our government and our leaders will grow. But at heart it is the same violent organization it always was. If the Klan were to gain power, its leaders would drop the nonviolent approach like a hot potato. The only thing that keeps many of them from being violent now is that it's not expedient."

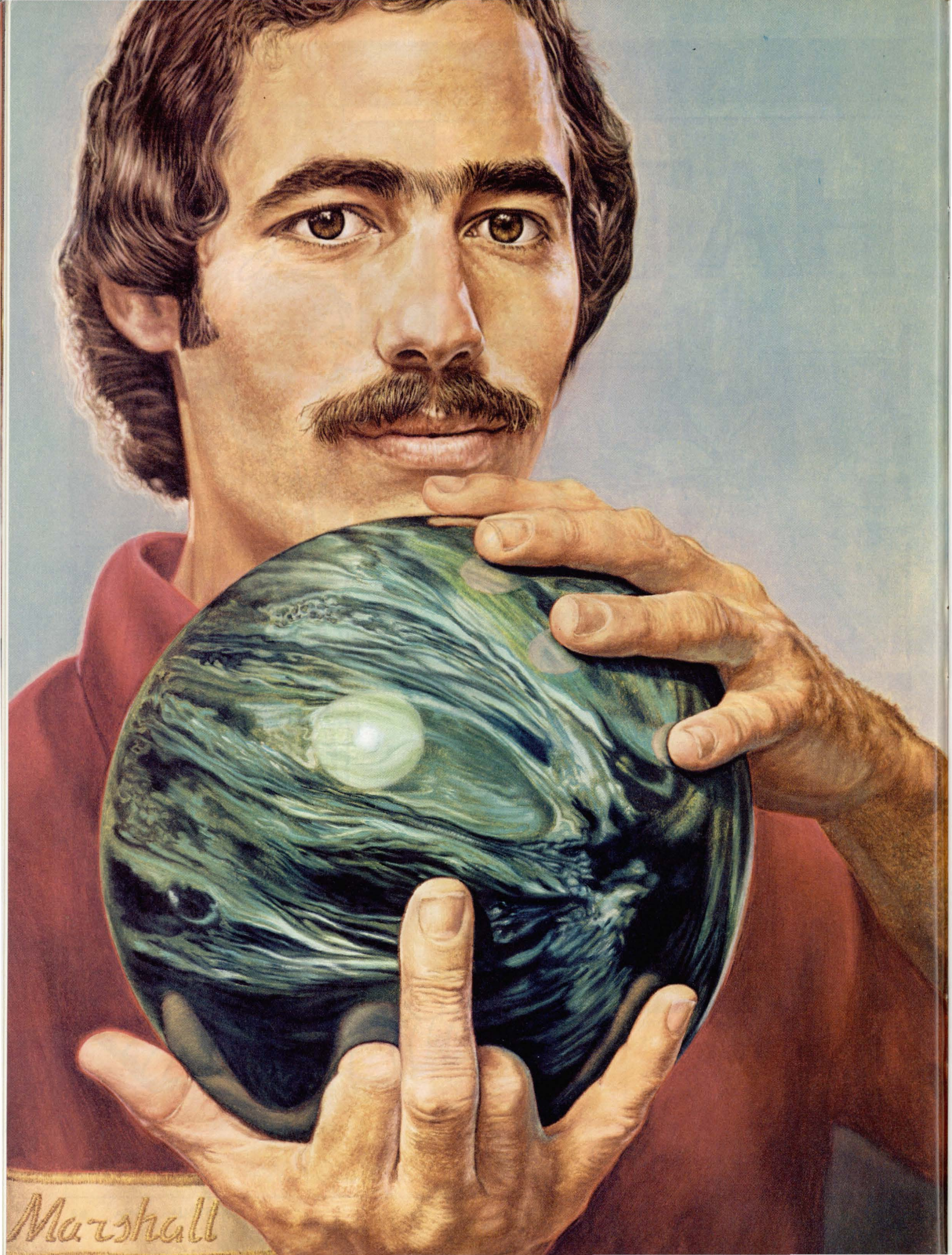
According to Abbott, his Klan group's arsenal of weapons included Army-issue automatic rifles, submachine guns, hand grenades and large supplies of ammunition and explosives. They stored mortars, bazookas, primacord, dynamite and cyanide in caches around the country. Abbott anticipates Klan

(continued on page 132)





WAINETINSLEY.



Marshall

MARSHALL HOLMAN

Neering the end of the second-to-last round of the \$70,000 Seattle Open in June 1979, bowler Marshall Holman was feeling typically smug and confident. Only Jeff Mattingly had a shot at overcoming Holman's comfortable lead, and he needed three strikes in the tenth, and final, frame to do it. Three strikes in a row is not uncommon on the pro tour, but under that kind of pressure it can be as difficult as hitting a game-winning home run in the bottom of the ninth inning.

Mattingly got the first strike, and Holman kicked a folding chair. After Mattingly's second strike Holman kicked the ball-return device. When Mattingly threw a third strike and beat Holman by one pin, 258-257, there was nothing left to kick. So Holman lost control and threw a handful of pencils.

"Holman went crazy," reported TV commentator Dave Davis. "It was disgusting. On the lanes Marshall can be a jerk. Off the lanes he's marvelous."

At 26, Marshall Holman is the uncontested bad boy of the pro-bowlers' tour, with a nasty streak worthy of tennis's finger-flipping Ilie Nastase. He rants and raves and raises a lot of hell in a sport that is traditionally low-key. Most of the touring pros put audiences to sleep. They get up from their chairs, dry their hands, pick up the ball, roll it, watch the pins fall, and sit down as quietly as if they were in church on Sunday morning.

Not Holman. Waiting his turn, he fidgets with the back of his curly, permed hair. He scratches his face constantly and tugs at his bowling glove. He peers at the lanes and the

THE BOWLER YOU LOVE TO HATE

crowd with a maniacal stare, and mutters to himself. Then he gets up and perches his feet off the end of the last millimeter of the approach, holding the 16-pound ball as if it were ten pounds too heavy—with both hands to one side. He stands waiting for a second or two, as if expecting a fanfare. Then, finally, he makes a lunatic lunge, scurrying sideways to the brink of the foul line, like he's trying to dump a time bomb into a river.

Beginning his violently powerful release, he rotates his wrist the same way a baseball pitcher throws a side-arm curve. On the follow-through, Holman's right wrist—which is bandaged because of tendinitis—often slaps across his forehead. The ball heads for the gutter, but suddenly it swerves sharply into the pocket between the 1 and 3 pins.

Around 60% of the time that means Holman will knock down all ten pins. If it's a normal strike, he

waves to the crowd, shrugs and smirks. If it's a big strike in a critical round of a major match, however, he goes wild—leaping, stomping his feet, throwing punches in the air and pumping his hips like a resurrected Elvis Presley.

Sometimes the crowd jeers at these theatrics, but that only motivates him even more. He has responded with a variety of obscene gestures, and has stuck his ass out at the paying customers. "Sure, I've gotten out of line," Holman admits. "But I can't care what the public thinks of me. I've gotta be real fiery. I've gotta get my blood boiling to that level of intensity. Bowling is like cottage cheese; it can be kind of bland. Well, I'm the salt and pepper that makes it more palatable."

The tough talker from Medford, Oregon, may be an abrasive, skinny, balding 140-pound wimp, but he's also one of the hottest bowlers on the tour. Despite his ungraceful approach and unorthodox style, he has earned more than \$400,000 in his brief career. He has won 11 Professional Bowlers Association (PBA) titles, and in 1979 became the youngest and only the third bowler ever to win more than \$100,000 in one season. That year he picked up paychecks in 25 of the tour's 29 events.

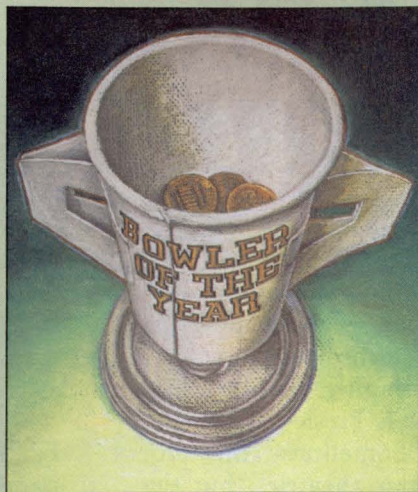
On his home turf in the Pacific Northwest pro-Holman rooters turn out with banners that say "HOLMAN'S HAMMERS" or "MR. H. DOG" (the *H* stands for "hot," naturally). But Holman is his own biggest fan, and he is the first to let you know he's a box-office attraction.

"It's a fact that the bowling pub-

Profile by Len Albin

Illustrations by Dennis Carmichael

BOWLING FOR DOLLARS?



More than 64 million Americans bowl at least once a year—10 million of them in sanctioned leagues—making the pastime America's number-one participation sport. ABC's *Pro Bowlers Tour* is the highest-rated continuing sports series on television after NCAA college football. Yet there are less than 200 full-time touring pros who will be scrambling for the \$4 million prize money offered in the 33 national and 90 regional Professional Bowlers Association tournaments scheduled during 1981. But that sum is merely a drop in the bucket when compared to the big bucks available in other sports.

Earl Anthony, at age 42 bowling's all-time leading money-winner, has won more than 30 titles. But he has yet to crack \$800,000 in career winnings after 11 years on the tour. That hardly compares with stock-car driver Dale Earnhardt, who made almost \$600,000 last year; or with thoroughbred jockey Chris McCarron, who picked up around \$800,000 for his rides in 1980; or with 18-year-old tennis whiz Tracy Austin, who knocks down as much as \$30,000 a week when she's on a hot streak.

The difference between a bowler's topping \$100,000 and barely making expenses amounts to virtually a handful of fallen pins over the entire season. Mark Roth, a New Jersey professional and the PBA's 1979 Bowler of the Year, earned \$124,517, with an average score of 221 in 977 games. Ed Ressler, a young pro from Allentown, Pennsylvania, boasted the fourth-highest average—216—but earned only \$67,741. And Ressler bowled in eight more tournaments than Roth. The PBA champ earned about 57¢ a pin, nearly double Ressler's 29¢.

lic is more entertained by me than by most of the players," he says. "I've done more to make bowling interesting than any other bowler. Hopefully, I'll make the game more interesting so we can get more money with larger commercial sponsors."

Not surprisingly, such egocentric comments have inspired a love-hate relationship with the public. One group of confirmed Holman-haters sent the flamboyant bowler a letter telling him they disapproved of his religion (he's Jewish), thought he was disgusting and hoped he'd get cancer.

"A lot of people come to root against me, which is okay, because that means they're not just coming to watch a bunch of boring bowling," Holman remarks. "Sometimes these people get so far out of line, they should be thrown out of the building."

When it comes to getting thrown out, Holman speaks from firsthand experience. The PBA's executive board fined him twice within one calendar year for his antics, and after a third violation put him on a year's probation, which ended in the summer of 1980. Still, Holman couldn't behave himself, and only three weeks from the end of the probation he completely lost his temper.

During the televised final round of the PBA Showboat Doubles Classic in Las Vegas last June, Holman missed a strike that would have meant the difference between a \$20,000 first prize and the \$12,000 that went to the runner-up. In a rage he kicked out the foul light—that little electric eye that beams across the foul line. PBA Commissioner Joe Antenora fined him \$2,500 and suspended him from the next ten PBA tournaments.

"I could be permanently suspended from the PBA, but that'll never happen," Holman says. "They would never kick me out. I'm too big an attraction. People like to see me get beat."

Holman didn't appeal what some thought to be an excessively harsh penalty, since he knew he would be wasting his time. "I wouldn't have had much of a chance because I'd be appealing to members of the PBA—other bowlers," he explains. Holman knows many of the other bowlers on the tour hate his guts, but surprisingly, few will speak against him openly. It's not that they're afraid. It's just that they know if Holman gets angry, he bowls better.

But there are several pro bowlers who seem to understand his strange personality and are able to fathom what he's all about.

"He's good for our sport because he creates emotion," says tour veteran Carmen Salvino, whose own flamboyance

made him Holman's idol as a teenager. "Any time an athlete can create emotion—hostility, love, whatever—you're gonna have people talking about him. I've talked to him about being vulgar, but I'd rather see that than guys go out like a robot!"

"People love to have somebody to hate," says Guppy Troup, a jovial, frizzy-haired bowler from South Carolina. "If he wasn't out there, they wouldn't have anybody to boo. They'll always root for him to make the finals, 'cause they'll have him to yell at the rest of the week."

The crowds certainly turned out in droves last spring to watch Holman and 51 others compete in the prestigious \$150,000 Firestone Tournament of Champions at the Riviera Lanes in Akron, Ohio. The T of C is bowling's top event each year, and only winners of other tournaments are invited. At any given time during breaks in the competition, the nation's top bowlers can be found in the Riviera's lounge. Holman's bald spot and Charles Bronson mustache make him among the easiest to spot.

To anybody who will listen he stresses the difficulties of earning a living throwing a large round ball at wooden pins. "Considering it costs about \$500 a week, and maybe only 40 people even make expenses, being on tour is a damn big risk," he says.

"Realistically, only five or ten of us are making a good living. Naive bowlers come onto the tour for a couple of months with a few thousand dollars, hoping they're going to make the score and parlay that money into a big bankroll. Then they go home bitter and broke."

Holman knows how that feels. In 1971, at only 17, he thought he was ready for the big time and joined the PBA tour. Spectators and other bowlers were appalled by Holman's hippie-length hair, but his scores didn't measure up. He won \$500 for a 24th-place finish in a tournament in Portland, Oregon. It was good for a first try, but the demands of the pro game were still too awesome. He went back to rolling 20 practice games a day and entered local tournaments in the Northwest.

The greatest challenge of the tour, however, is financial. Most of the bowlers are often broke, and they have to travel around the country in cars, vans or motor homes. Only the fortunate ones, like Holman, can afford to fly. The main incentive for the average pro is the chance to scratch out another \$700 or \$1,000 in contests that have them bowl-

(continued on page 74)



"Well, look what the cat dragged in!"

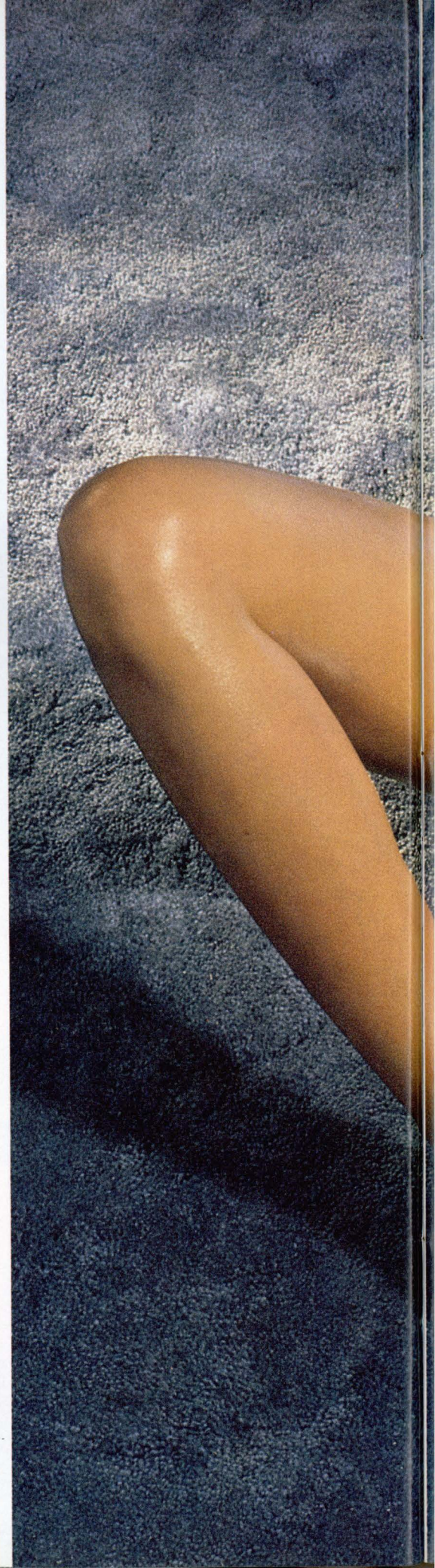


Photography by Matti Klatt

Marlene

S O A K I N G • U P • P L E A S U R E







"After a day of helping men get hardened up, it's my turn to let it all hang out," says Marlene, a luscious physical consultant at an exclusive health club for men. As she stretches out in the warm, soothing water, she lets the liquid soak into every pore. She massages and caresses every inch of her well-formed body, saving until the last possible moment the utter ecstasy of the soft penetrating fullness of her fingers. And then it's complete. The day is done, the work pressure is released, and an erotic night awaits her.









HUSTLER'S HONEY · APRIL 1981







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A filthy stranger, armed to the teeth, rode into an Old West town. Frightened and horrified townspeople looked on as the outlaw dismounted, walked to the rear of his horse, lifted its tail and stuck a finger into the animal's asshole. Then, walking toward the saloon, he wiped his soiled finger across his lips.

Outside the door the shaking bartender, having seen all this, asked the man, "Why in hell did you do that?"

"Chapped lips."

"That can't help!" the bartender exclaimed.

"I know," the stranger replied, "but it makes damn sure I don't lick 'em."

When a woman patient complained that her thighs were turning green, the doctor told her, "I've never heard of such a thing. Why don't you drop your slacks, and we'll have a look?"

After a brief examination he confirmed that indeed the insides of the woman's thighs were green.

"Come back next Monday," the physician said, "and I'll try to have an answer for you."

The following Monday the woman was back in the doctor's office. "I've consulted with some of my colleagues and our computer," the doctor said. "There is a similar case on file. But before making a firm diagnosis, I have to ask you a personal question. Do you mind?"

"No, not at all," the woman said.

"Tell me, then. Would you by chance be going out with a gypsy?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am."

"Well," the doctor remarked, "tell him his earrings aren't real gold."

This hooker liked to get it in the ass. One day a customer was enjoying himself with her, when suddenly he noticed a few black dots on the end of his penis. "Dammit!" he roared. "You've got crabs!"

"Crabs, hell," the hooker replied. "Those are just seeds from the fig newtons I ate this morning."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *shooting star* as: the lead actor in a porno movie.

Fred and Jack were discussing their wives while downing a few beers at the local watering hole. "What would you do if you caught your old lady in bed with another man?" Jack asked.

"I'd shoot his seeing-eye dog," Fred laughed.

One morning a man came into church on crutches. He stopped in front of the holy water, put some on both legs, and then threw away his crutches. An altar boy witnessed the scene and then ran into the rectory to tell the priest what he'd just seen.

"Son, you witnessed a miracle," the priest said. "Tell me, where is this man now?"

"Flat on his ass over by the holy water," the boy informed him.

A farmer was charged with having intercourse with a calf. The judge said, "Harry, this is a serious thing you are charged with. Tell me what happened."

The farmer said, "I was lonesome, my wife was out of town, and I couldn't resist the temptation. So I placed a small box behind the calf and mounted her. And do you know, Your Honor, that heifer pissed all over me?!"

The judge spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice and remarked, "By God, they'll do that every time!"

Question: At picnics, why don't Mexicans use a barbecue?

Answer: It's too hard to keep beans on the grill.

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *panty shield* as: a snatch patch.

The unfortunate victim of a horrible auto crash could neither eat nor drink, and could only be fed through a tube leading into his asshole. After months of this treatment the poor man got fairly used to that method of feeding.


One day as he lay there in his body cast, he mumbled to the nurse that he'd like some iced tea. The nurse returned

with his request and began to feed it through the rectal tube.

When the man gasped and asked her to stop, the nurse said, "I'm sorry, dear. Is it too cold?"

The man shook his head and muttered, "Too sweet, too sweet."

Have you heard that Rely tampons and Hooker Chemical are in trouble for the same reason? They both fucked up Love Canal!

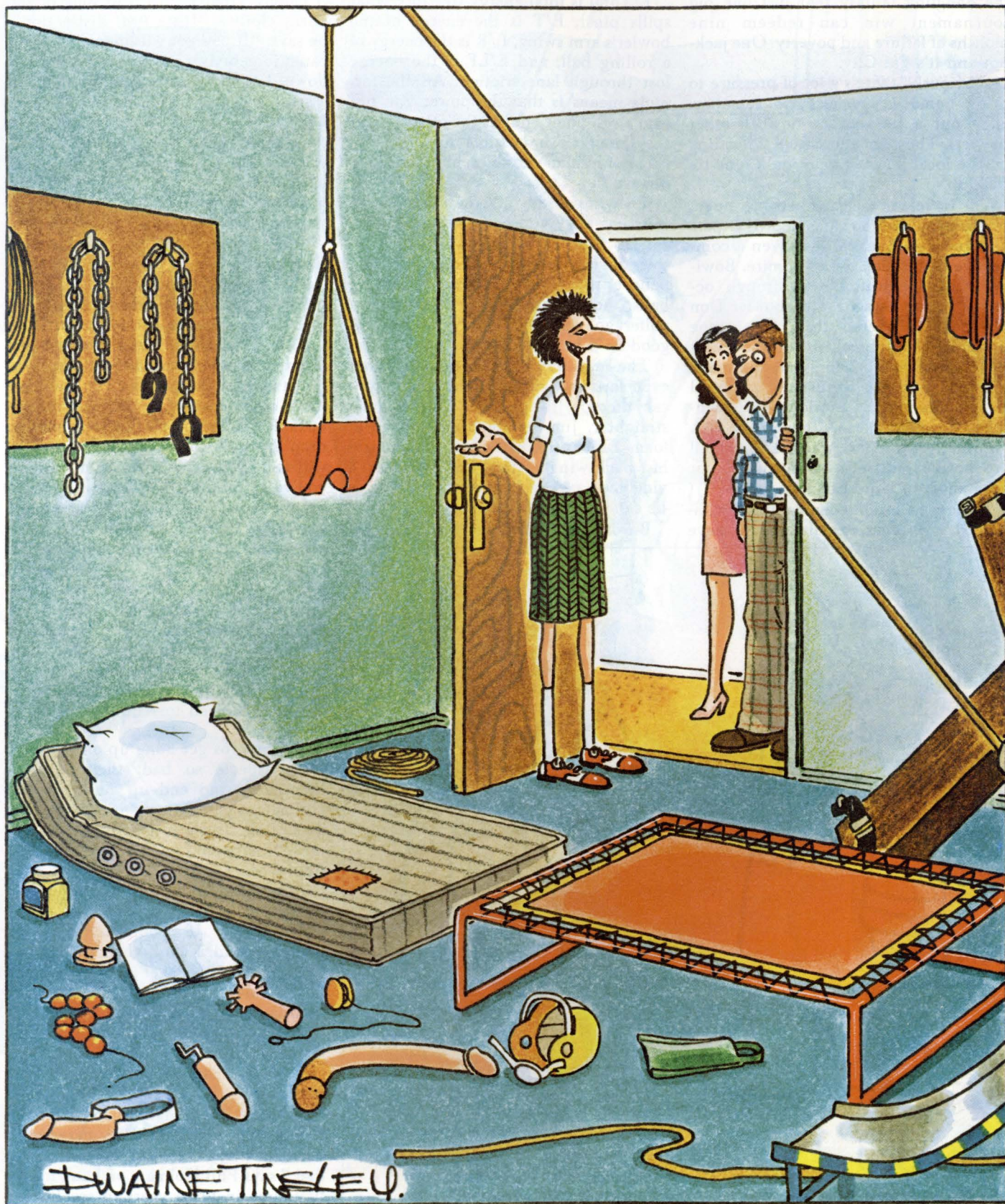
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, we can't return your submissions. 

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER & HESTER



"... And this is our new playroom."

PROFILE: MARSHALL HOLMAN

(continued from page 58)

ing eight hours a day and struggling to keep their concentration long enough to stay near the 200-pin-per-game level, which is par for a pro. Finally, there's the dangling fantasy that just one big tournament win can redeem nine months of failure and poverty. One jackpot and it's Fat City.

Obviously, there's a lot of pressure to bring home a paycheck, to somehow edge out a field of up to 191 other bowlers. The grim alternative is hustling on the local lanes or working a nine-to-five job.

To increase the competitive edge, bowlers analyze the game and their performances with a zeal that even a compulsive statistician would admire. Bowling's first scientific breakthrough occurred ten years ago, when bowler Don McCuen discovered that an acetone solution would break down the outer shell of a plastic bowling ball and make it softer. In other words, the chemical gave the ball more friction on conventional bowling lanes. Although the PBA eventually made this practice illegal, all pro bowlers still make adjustments for differences in lane surfaces.

"There's a lot of technical bullshit involved," Holman explains. "You have

to know your own game—what's right for you."

Carmen Salvino once went so far as to work with a nuclear engineer to reduce bowling into a simple mathematical formula that he still swears by:

$$E/\text{Total} = E/T + E/R - E/LF$$

E/Total is total energy (the force that spills pins), E/T is the energy of the bowler's arm swing, E/R is the energy of a rolling ball, and E/LF is the energy lost through lane friction. All the formula means is that the power you put into a roll comes out at the other end of the lane. It's impossible to apply because of human variables, but it's nice to believe in.

To compensate for the slickness of different alley approaches, Salvino also carries four left bowling shoes, with soles of varying grips. "And people can't believe that I use 14 or 15 bowling balls," he says proudly. "I'd like to see a golfer go with one club and see how good he'd be."

The mad scramble for the edge goes even farther. Salvino underwent physical therapy to get his hips aligned straighter. Jim Stefanich uses a wad of foam rubber in his armpit to control his backswing. Larry Laub carries a videotape system in his motor home so he can check his delivery motion.

Beyond that, the edge is psychologi-

cal. Sometimes a bowler in the one-on-one, match-play phase of a tournament will play mental games to beat his opponent. If he feels his foe is too anxious to roll, he might deliberately irritate him by pushing the pin-reset button to stall as long as possible.

Guppy Troup's edge is wearing bright, flashy clothes. "It's a *legal* distraction," he says. "If you got wild pants, it might catch somebody's eye two or three lanes down. I have a yellow pair of pants and a green pair just like 'em. One day soon I'm gonna take 'em and split 'em down the middle—wear one green leg and one yellow leg." Maybe there's something in what he says. Troup holds a PBA record of rolling six perfect 300 games in one year.

Some bowlers have even tried hypnosis to psych themselves up. "It gives me a little more faith in myself and gets me pumped up and excited about bowling," admits Seattle pro Matt Surina.

"I'll do a little better because my mind is sharper," he adds. "The hypnotist will say things like, 'You will have more confidence.' Or, 'It'll be uncomfortable for the top part of your body to drop down as you push the ball out. It will feel awkward to you.' On the tour you've got nothing to do except bowl—no job or nothing. After five weeks you get pretty burned out and need some kind of help. Hypnosis has made me feel better."

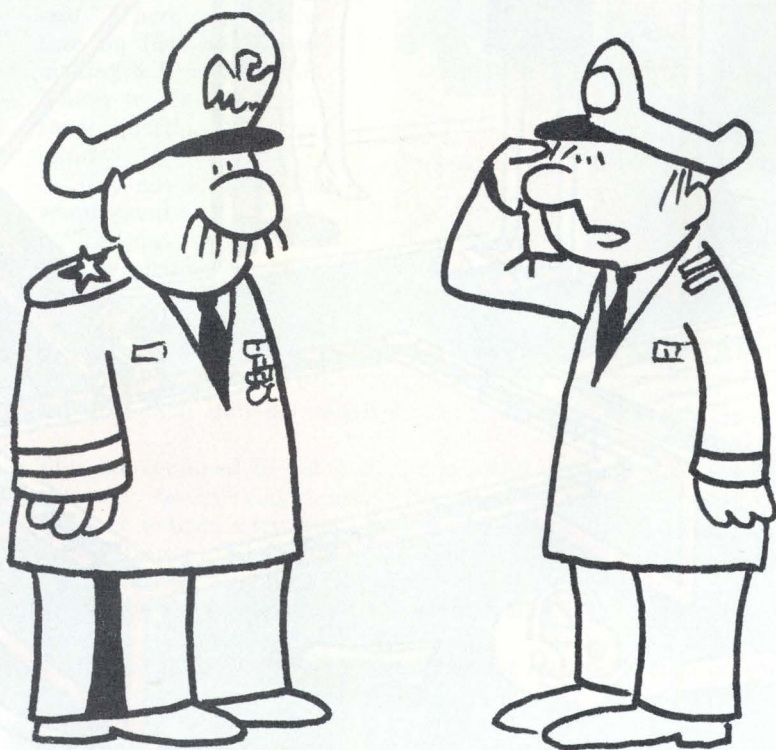
Holman once toyed with transcendental meditation to keep his level of concentration to a maximum during tedious 50-game tournaments. He has abandoned TM, but still manages to roar not just with an intense desire to win but also with a need to reduce the pins to splinters.

"Some pros get hung up on the technical aspects so bad, they outthink themselves and end up going home," Holman says. "But my intensity takes care of all that. I just gotta go out and make it happen. I wind myself up pretty tight when I bowl, and I'm not as competitive if I'm calm. I'm exploding from the first ball, and I'm gonna put everything into it. If people don't like it, that's too bad. I can't change."

Even as a teenager who practically lived at Medford's bowling lanes, he was getting chewed out by management for making obscene gestures and kicking ball-returns. "I liked bowling because it was better than being around home," Holman says with a smirk, as his father, Phil, pulls up a chair in the Riviera's lounge. "I always hated my parents."

"That's right, he couldn't stand his dad," says Phil Holman, on hand for the first time in three years to see his son

(continued on page 88)



"Bad news, sir. The morale officer committed suicide."



"Tastes okay to me!"

Beauty AND THE Beast

Now she stands trembling before the vile presence of the master of the castle, terrified of her impending punishment. Her thighs tingle as he lifts his cup to her. Cautiously, she moves closer to him, then gives herself completely to his compelling power, wondering what mighty passions the night will hold. And as the moon rolls over the strange castle, a majestic bond is formed between the beauty and the beast.























PROFILE: MARSHALL HOLMAN

(continued from page 74)

perform in competition. "Bowling was an improvement over being around his father. And he never could tolerate his mother."

Holman does a double take. It's clear that his hammy streak comes from the balding, bespectacled man in the neat corduroy suit. His father's mouth rarely stops. Marshall calls him "The Bald Ego."

"I like to shock people," the elder Holman continues. "So does my son. I encourage that because it makes people talk about him. Bowling needs more of that. If you want a sleeping pill, watch bowling. The players need a little more style. I think the dress code stinks in this business. They look like a bunch of *schleps* out there. They dress like bowlers. Hell, this is show business."

Originally, Holman's father thought bowling wasn't a respectable pursuit for his child, preferring that the boy go to college. Mrs. Holman agreed, although she was *not* expecting a doctor or a lawyer, like most typical Jewish mothers. "It's nerve-racking to watch Marshall, even when he's leading," she says. "But it's a super feeling. Who knows? Right now I'm doing a book called 'My Son, the Bowler.'"

Instead of college, Holman decided to get educated at bowling alleys—and in 1974 he rejoined the PBA tour. "My idea of a pro bowler was somebody who was next to perfect," Holman says. "But when I actually came out on the tour and watched 'em, I found out these guys weren't much better than I was."

He also discovered that his sponsor, a local businessman who was lending him expense money in return for a 50% cut of Holman's eventual tour winnings, was less than perfect. "He was a b.s. artist," the bowler recalls. "When I found out he didn't have the money, by virtue of a check that didn't clear, I got out of the agreement. If I had been struggling on the tour, I might have had to hitchhike back from New Jersey."

Breaking the contract proved to be the right move. Holman won less than \$5,000 in 1974. On his own in 1975, his earnings grew to \$27,542. And in 1976 Holman zoomed to \$48,630 after winning the Firestone at the tender age of 21. After two more years at the \$70,000 level he cracked the \$100,000 barrier by winning the Brunswick Memorial World Open in Deerfield, Illinois, the last stop in the 1979 schedule.

Holman pocketed a respectable \$30,000 in prize money during the first three months of 1980. He would have been well on his way to another six-

figure year except for the PBA suspension and the fact that he didn't bowl especially well during the winter tour.

"I didn't think I needed to practice as much," he admits, analyzing his sub-par performance. "I might have gotten overconfident."

His career plan is to bowl hard for the next four or five years, invest some of his winnings for retirement, and then slow down his pace to perhaps only 15 tournaments a year. "I hate to travel; it's a real pain," he says. "I don't wanna bowl full-time for 20 years. I don't think it's fair to my mind." Rather, he'd prefer more time for golf, downhill skiing, watching sports on television, and relaxing in the hot tub outside his home in Jacksonville, Oregon, with Barbara, his wife of two years.

Fittingly, the Holmans were married in a chapel at the MGM Hotel in Reno, Nevada, during a bowling tournament. As Barbara explains it, no one could believe that Marshall would ever get hitched. "All the lady pros wanted to meet me," she recalls. "They said, 'Hey, Barb, you gotta be really special to handle this kid.'"

A tall, lean Linda Ronstadt look-alike, Barbara Holman has slowly adjusted to the role of pro-bowler's wife. On the occasions she joins her husband on tour, she has to resist the impulse to slug the anti-Holman rooters. "You have to ignore everything around you," she says. "I have to pretend I'm on the lanes myself. When I hear the girls say how nice it would be to go out with Marsh, I grind my teeth and block it all out. The key to Marsh's success is how he thinks about himself. He might not be perfect, but he believes he's pretty damn close. That's the way he psychs himself up."

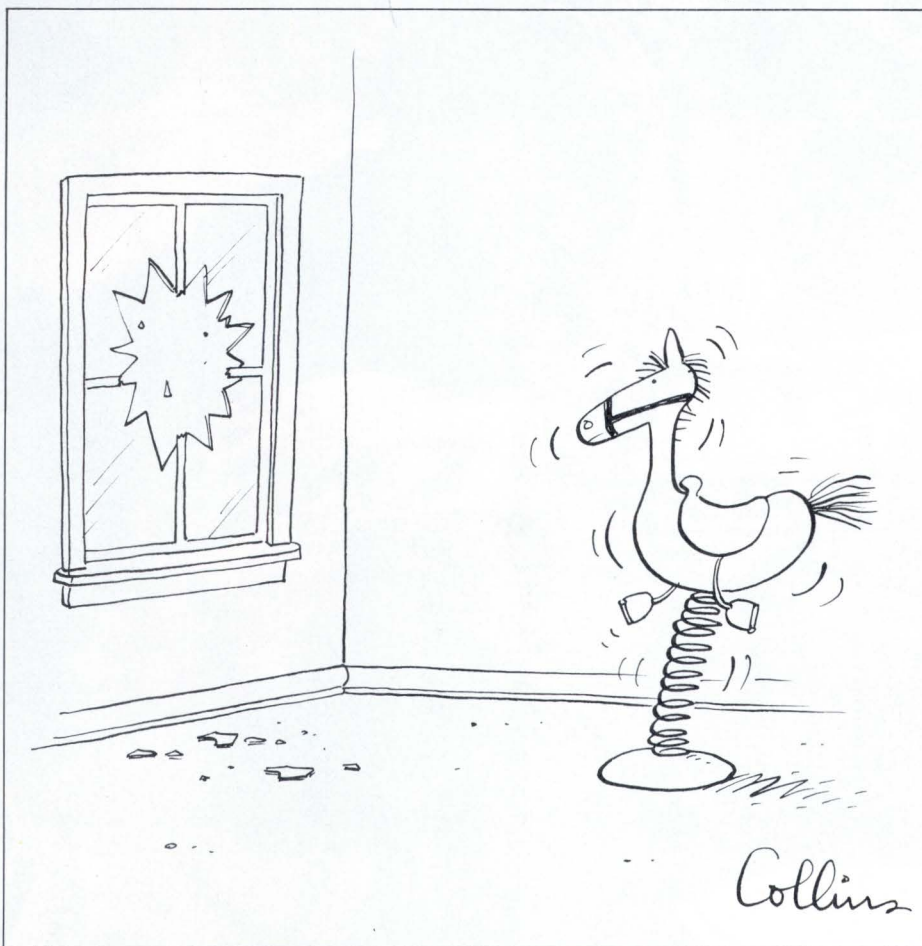
Believing that he's close to perfect, or that he can roll a perfect 300 game just about any time, helps Holman get through the wild, emotional ups and downs of a long, grueling tournament like the Firestone Tournament of Champions. Each bowler must roll 24 games in just over 24 hours to qualify for the 24-man semifinals. During the first eight-game round of the 1980 Firestone, Holman is bowling poorly, averaging under 200 a game. But he doesn't seem terribly upset.

"Marshall's been acting like it's a big joke," Barbara confides behind one of the scorer's tables. "Sometimes he does that."

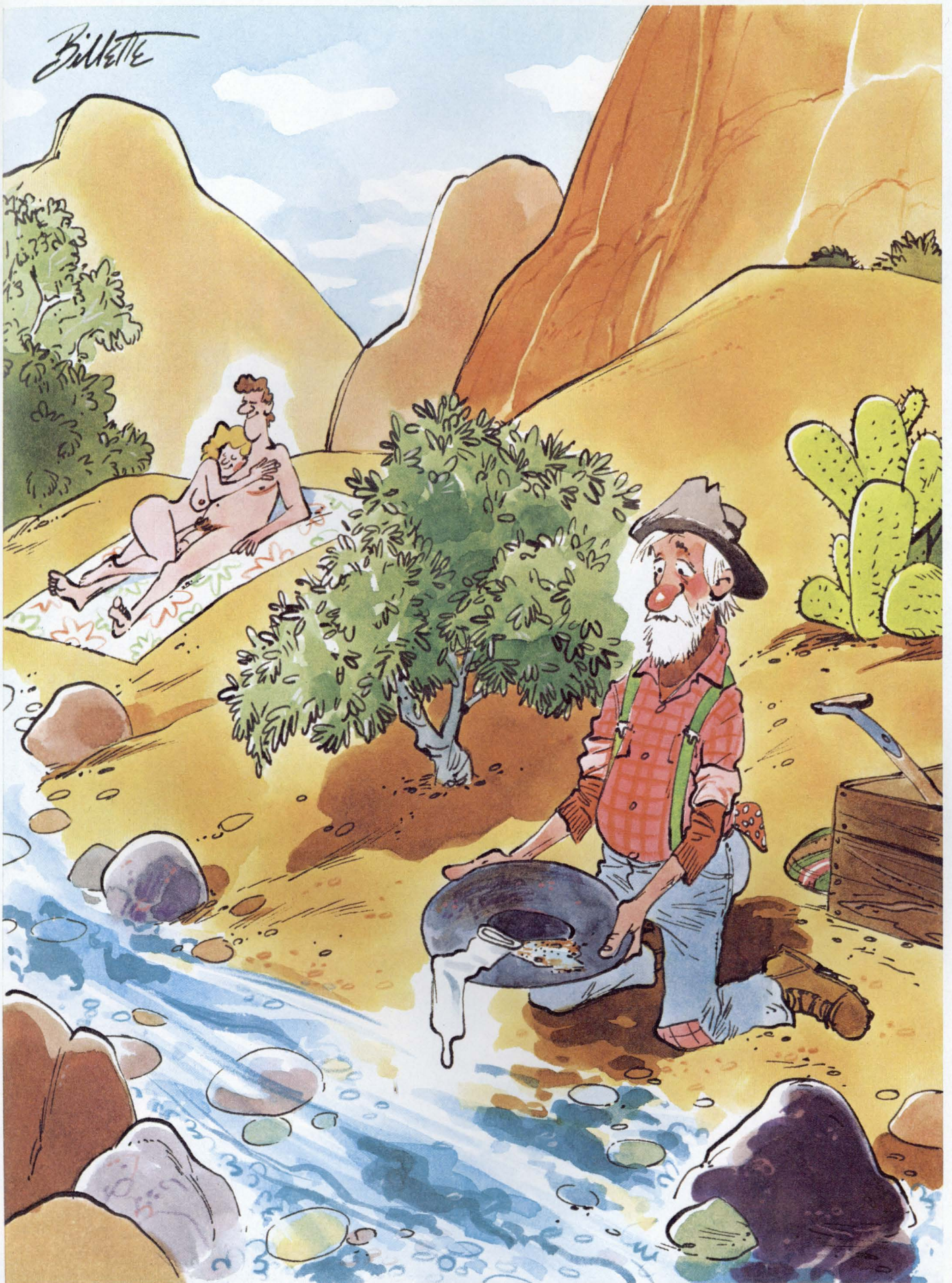
"There's still lots of time," a supporter assures her.

"No, you can't think that way!" she replies. "Every pin counts. Think positive."

(continued on page 130)



Billette





TROUBLE IN 3 WEST

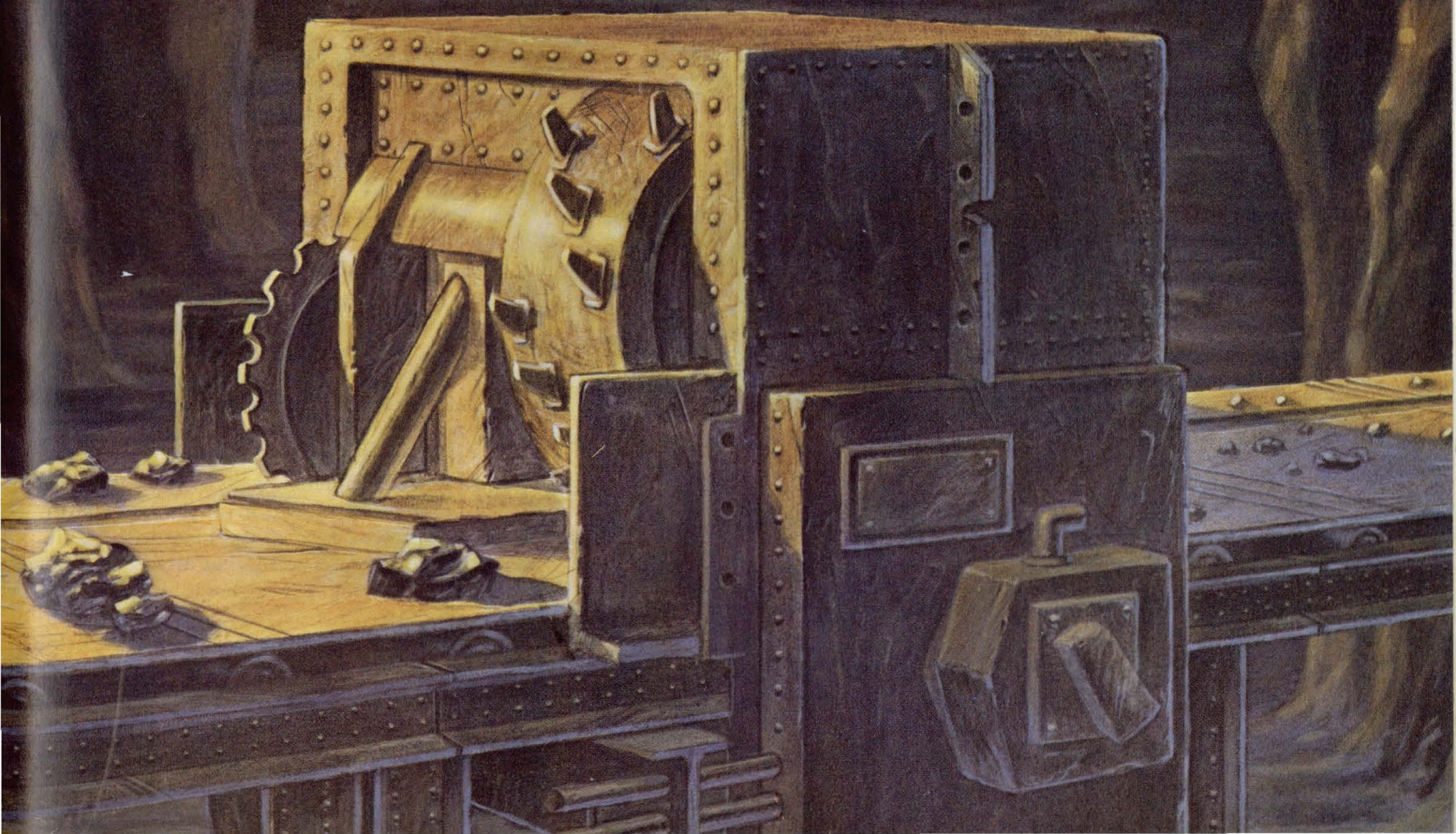
You could hardly see Billy Fullmer seated in the bulky machine that was crunching, chewing and grinding its way through a seven-foot seam of bituminous coal. Protected from falling debris inside an enclosed mesh canopy, he seemed dwarfed by the gigantic, grasshopperlike appendages scooping coarse lumps of falling coal and pushing them onto a swiftly moving conveyer belt. At the end of the belt John Cameron's four-wheeled buggy delivered the chunks

to a second high-speed belt that sent them through the crusher and outside the Table Mountain Coal Company's Lower Mine for processing.

Electrician George Pitts kept a vigilant eye on the 600-volt cable that supplied critical power to the ten-member crew isolated 1,500 feet beneath the barren Utah foothills. And Sam Taylor shuttled in and out of the mine on his electric tractor, hauling equipment and materials to the craggy surfaces where

FICTION BY LEE SCHULTZ

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff



miners clawed coal from ages-old rock.

Fermin Villa was busy drilling holes in the newly gouged roof of the mine before inserting long metal rods and fastening them tightly in order to hold up the insecure ceiling. His job was critical in decreasing a constant risk of coal-mining—sudden, deadly cave-ins, which had taken so many lives in the past.

Carol Armand's function as the brat-tice person was to hang partitions of dark-yellow cloth, which enabled the air flow to carry off dust and gases generated in the mining process. Overseeing the crew was foreman Tim Gorman, who walked from one work area to another, making sure that no fuck-ups—human or otherwise—kept the raw coal from moving.

With less than a half-hour remaining on the morning shift, the racket made by Fullmer's machine eating its way through a new seam of coal drowned out all other sounds. Cameron was flashing the buggy's lights at Fullmer, signaling that he was ready to haul his latest load to the feeder-breaker. Then, suddenly, the black chunks stopped dropping. Someone had turned off the conveyor belt.

Climbing out of the canopy and jumping to the ground, Fullmer walked to where the machine's cutting heads

had been removing coal from a vertical surface.

"What's up, John?" he asked. "How come you signaled?"

"Look at this, Billy."

Fullmer's eyes followed the shaft of light from Cameron's hardhat to where it shined on the wall of coal. "Holy cow!" he gasped. "What in hell's that?!"

He was looking at a perfectly shaped hole a foot square, right smack in the middle of a seam of coal formed millions of years ago. Nestled in the center of the hole was a finely crafted metal figure of a color halfway between bronze and gold. It was short and squat, with an oversize penis poking out obscenely from beneath a huge belly. Its face was notable for three chins, eyes nearly obscured by heavy lids, and a wide, evil grin that seemed ready to burst into a wicked cackle.

Cameron reached inside the hole and picked up the object in his gloved hand. Even through the thick leather he could feel heat radiating from the bizarre figure.

"Look at that," Fullmer said, whistling appreciatively. "Must be worth a fortune. What do you think it is?"

"Dunno," Cameron answered. "But it sure as hell is hot. It's burning my glove!" He jerked his hand away and dropped the figure. Wisps of smoke

curled upward from the black scorch marks in his palm.

Moving cautiously, both men spotlighted the object with the lamps on their hardhats.

"I'm going to take this little mother to the boss and see what he makes of it," Fullmer said. He bent down to pick it up, but quickly snatched his hand away and ripped off his glove. "Damn cocksucker's *really* hot!" he muttered. The fingers of the glove were charred and smoldering.

"Leave it alone," Cameron said curtly. "Let's go report this to somebody and let *them* worry about it."

The two men turned away, abandoning the figure on the floor, near the giant mining machine. But before they turned down an exit passageway, something compelled Cameron to look back.

"Oh, man!" he said weakly.

Fullmer whirled around to see what had made Cameron sound like he was ready to cry.

"Holy mother!" he screamed.

The entire work area was lit by a spreading green glow that illuminated the mining equipment with an eerie, dancing light. Moving toward them from the figure was a cloud of fog colored the same translucent green.

Instinctively, both miners ran for their lives.

But when the foreman and superintendent arrived on the scene 20 minutes later, the glow was gone. They could find no sign of the figure. There was only a dime-size blob of yellow-brown metal and the stinging smell of sulfur in the mine shaft.

* * *

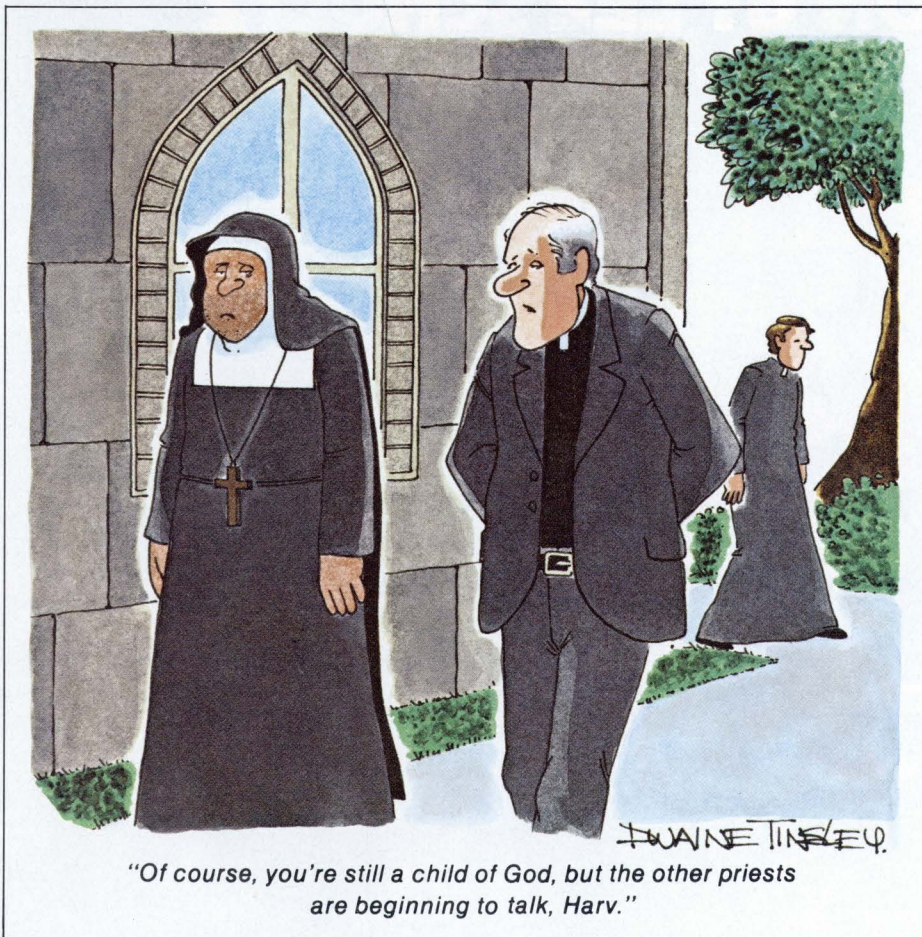
The following morning Billy Fullmer lurched from a fitful sleep into a sitting position. Groping blindly, he knocked the jangling alarm clock onto the floor, nearly falling out of bed as he tried to shut it off.

Carol Armand lay beside him in a motionless lump, trying to think of a reason not to go to work. Four in the morning was no time for a decent human being to be doing anything but sleeping. Or fucking.

She rolled over and nestled her stomach against Fullmer's bare ass. "Well, now that you're awake..." she cooed, sliding her hand along the curve of his buttocks, squeezing each cheek in turn. Gently, she moved his hip around until she was able to grasp his cock. By its size, she could tell it was already awake and showing a healthy interest in her overtures.

Fullmer grunted, instinctively pushing his backside against her warm body. Even the thought of Carol—let alone

(continued on page 98)



"Of course, you're still a child of God, but the other priests are beginning to talk, Harv."

Nancy





When 20-year-old Nancy sent her photo to *Beaver Hunt*, we flew her in from Hawaii to share her with our readers. As she talked about the warm tropical breezes, and swimming naked in the blue Pacific, her hidden charms unfolded for our cameras. When asked about her secret fantasy, she said, "I'd like to bathe each morning in coconut milk, then have five brown-skinned beach boys massage me while I'm lying in the sun. Until that happens, I'll get by with this fantasy-come-true—being a HUSTLER model."







NEW

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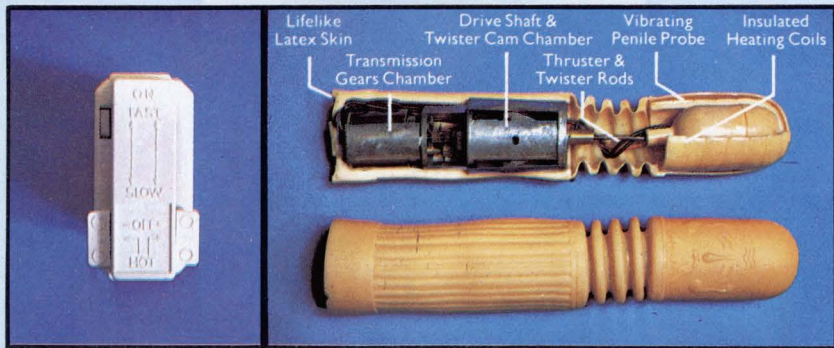
It thrusts — yes, the accordion folds just behind the head of this scientific breakthrough let your Hot Stud thrust in and out, in

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TROUBLE IN 3 WEST

(continued from page 92)

the feel of her smooth flesh — was enough to turn him on. As he eagerly rolled over to face her, she swung one leg up and draped it over his hips. His hand quickly found her cunt, already warm and moist.

He began by caressing her inner thighs. And then he moved his lips back and forth between each of her breasts, his tongue alternately teasing the stiffening nipples. Carol's trembling told him he was doing the right thing. She moaned softly, and tenderly bit one of his earlobes.

"I'm glad you decided not to go home last night," she whispered.

His tongue now began tracing a warm path around the curve of each breast, before moving down her belly and reaching the neat patch of crisp curls beneath her waist. Tantalizingly, he darted the tip of his tongue along its perimeter, feeling her loins stiffen in readiness. Knowing exactly what she wanted, he delayed for a few more moments — probing lightly, then retreating, making her raise up her hips to meet him. Without warning, he thrust his tongue into the juicy folds of her cunt, flicking it lightly against her swollen clitoris.

Carol quivered with pleasure, her hands caressing Fullmer's head and neck. He could sense her tension mounting until — at just the right moment — he lifted his body and plunged his cock deep inside her. For the next several minutes he repeatedly burrowed in and out of her cunt, timing his movements to the intensity of her moans.

To postpone his ejaculation as long as possible, Fullmer deliberately filled his mind with images of what he had seen the day before: the creepy glow that had terrified him, the grinning figure with its disproportionately large penis, the rolling cloud of sickly green fog-smoke — silent yet menacing.

Without being conscious of it and without missing a rhythmic, pumping stroke, he reached down and took one of Carol's nipples in his mouth. His hands gripped her shoulders as he rolled the nipple between his teeth, at first lightly, then a little harder. His head seemed filled with mist as he slammed his cock into her with a violence he usually found repulsive.

"Bill-eee," Carol whimpered. "You're hurting me!"

With a start, he realized he had been digging his fingers savagely into her flesh and had come close to breaking the fragile skin of her breast.

"Sorry," he whispered, concentrating



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Don't let my size fool you. I may be petite, but I'm every bit a woman, and I'm horny as hell. I can't wait to get my arms around you and engulf you in my woman-flesh. Just the thought of you almost makes me wet with desire. I'm waiting for you now.

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instead on the tension building in his balls.

Carol was breathing like a marathon runner now, in short, hard gasps. She bucked and twisted beneath Fullmer as he came. Her churning, gripping orgasm heightened his own excitement, making him nearly explode with pleasure as he felt himself contract, expand, contract, expand in a burst of cum that seemed to wipe out everything except the connection between the two of them.

Fullmer lay on top of her, exhausted. "You all right?" he asked when he finally caught his breath.

"I am now, but I'm gonna have bruises on my tits for a week."

"I'm really sorry, Carol. Something must have come over me. It was like it wasn't me, you know?"

"Don't worry about it," she said, lighting a cigarette. "Hey, we'd better get our butts moving, or we'll be late for work."

As Fullmer watched Carol get out of bed, focusing on her trim, rounded ass in the dim light, his cock again began to tingle. *I love you so damn much*, he thought. *I wish I knew how to tell you.*

* * *

An hour later Carol Armand was hard at work in section 3 West, putting together the roof-bolt assemblies and handing them, one at a time, to bolter-operator Fermin Villa. She didn't like working underground; she could almost feel the weight pressing in on her. Knowing she was deep beneath the top of a mountain, two-and-a-half miles inside its bowels, didn't help much either.

The perpetual groaning and popping made by the coal as it adjusted to changes in temperature and pressure made her jumpy. When she turned off the small light attached to her hardhat, the darkness was so thick and complete that it seemed to seep into her pores. The slightly smoky smell of the coal dust always managed to filter through her dust mask. For several hours after her shift ended, she would cough up globs of black-flecked phlegm. And the sounds of the machinery seemed to be amplified by the confines of the mine. The noise echoed from the walls until her ears ached.

Her job wasn't particularly exhausting, but the constant bending to pick up the bolts, holding them while she assembled the various parts and then handing them to Villa made her feel as if she would have a backache for the rest of her life. The only thing she didn't mind was the temperature. Year-round the interior of the mountain never changed by five degrees from a reading of 35° Fahrenheit. She dressed accordingly, wearing quilted long johns, flannel shirt,



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denim workpants and mechanic's overalls. And, of course, the regulation hard-toed boots and hardhat with lamp.

From the outset Carol's presence at the mine disturbed some of the men.

"You know it's unlucky to have a woman underground," one of the miners said during her first shift.

"Why?" she asked.

"It just is. Everybody knows it. Bad things happen when there's a woman in the hold. So be damn careful."

Already a little jumpy, Carol finished that shift strung taut as a bowstring. Every snap and creak in the mine made her nervous. Later she asked Fullmer about the superstition.

"Naw," he scoffed, "that's just an excuse some of those old farts use to explain something that happened about 90 years ago. There was a big explosion in the mine when it was only down about a thousand feet or so. One miner was killed, and a couple of dozen were injured."

"When the undertaker went to get the body ready for burial, he discovered it was a woman. Apparently she'd disguised herself as a man so the mine would hire her. After that, everybody decided that what got her killed was the spirit of the mountain, or some such b.s. I guess the mountain isn't into equal rights."

"It didn't have anything to do with the fact that she was probably closest to the blast, did it?" Carol snorted.

Fullmer grinned. "Now do you expect somebody in the middle of inventing a superstition to think of something like that?"

Only five feet tall, Carol weighed around 110 pounds, including all of her heavy equipment. At one time or another, Fermin Villa and every other man on her crew had entertained thoughts about liberating those marvelous tits, which even the heavy layers of clothing couldn't hide, and about fondling and sucking them while ramming their cocks into her.

But that was strictly fantasy—something to daydream about to make the time pass more quickly. For other than her ongoing relationship with Billy Fullmer, Carol had developed nothing more than a strong friendship with each of the men during the two years she had worked for the Table Mountain Coal Company.

Even so, she had her own little erotic fantasy to help relieve the boredom of performing the same chore a hundred times a day. She daydreamed of being raped by the other workers in 3 West—not raped, exactly. The men would simply be overcome with lust for her incredibly sexy body. She imagined her-

self being fucked silly until she and the men were all satisfied. Afterward they would remain friends and go back to work when they were finished.

* * *

By noon the next day the crew had mined out the seam where Cameron and Fullmer had discovered the mysterious figure. The miners moved to an adjacent shaft and began working there.

"Hey, let's go eat!" yelled Villa, the sound of his voice jolting Carol out of her reveries. The two of them walked the 50 yards to the makeshift "kitchen"—a ten-by-ten area curtained off with brattice cloth. Carol removed her leather gloves and warmed her hands over an electric heater before joining the rest of the ten-member crew seated on wooden benches.

For ten minutes or so the only sounds were the metallic clanking of lunch pails and the gurgling of coffee being poured from steel thermos bottles. An occasional belch interrupted the quiet until George Pitts wrinkled his nose in distaste.

"Jeez, who cut the cheese?" he asked.

"Don't look at me; it musta been Cameron," Sam Taylor snapped back.

"What a stink!" complained Tim Gorman. "Whoever it was musta been eating pure sulfur!"

Several men pulled handkerchiefs

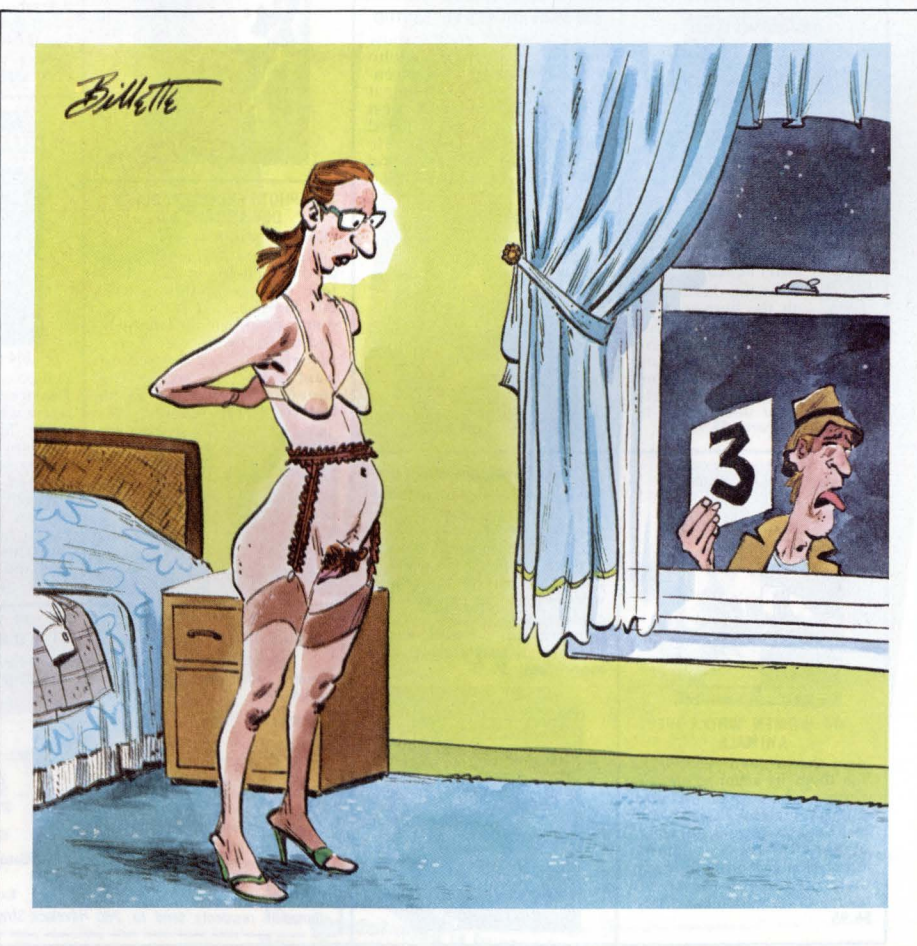
from their pockets to cover their mouths and noses as the stench grew thicker, and a greenish cloud rolled toward them. There were sounds of coughing, choking and gagging. Eyes watered in the brackish air.

Almost as mysteriously as it had arrived, the fog disappeared. Nobody said anything for a good two minutes, until—one by one—each man turned to look at Carol. Not just a fleeting glance, but a hungry stare, as if they hadn't seen a woman in years.

At first she ignored their gazes and concentrated on eating her sandwich. But as nine pairs of flat and blank eyes continued to focus on her, she became increasingly uneasy. Trying to remain cool, she stood up and started to leave the kitchen. When all the men rose from their benches, as if on cue, Carol freaked out and began to run—but not fast enough.

Suddenly, they were all over her body, pinning her to the ground, savagely tearing and ripping at her coveralls. The sharp teeth of the long zipper sliced her wrist, and she cried out in pain. A swollen cock was thrust roughly in her mouth, choking her wail of protest. Hands gripped her head with such force that it seemed her hair would be torn from her scalp. Fingers ripped away her

(continued on page 110)





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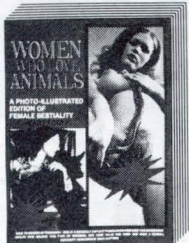
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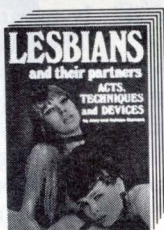
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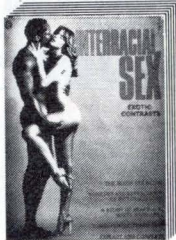
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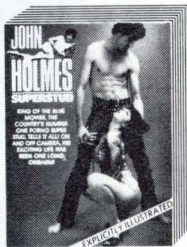
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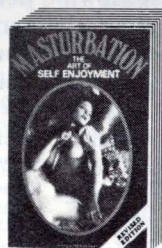
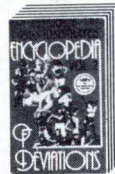
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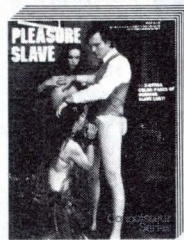
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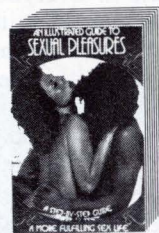


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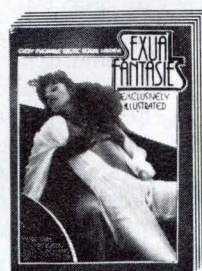
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Beaver Hunt

Those April showers might keep you indoors for a while, but don't let that dampen your spirits. Why not seize the opportunity to pose your favorite Beaver in front of a camera? HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always the chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs sub-

mitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 110, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Bruce Harp



Dorothy Harp is a 21-year-old housewife and mother from Fort Knox, Kentucky, who likes to read and crochet. Her fantasy is to fuck a musician onstage during a concert.

Photo by Lee



A 21-year-old homemaker from Micaville, North Carolina, Shelia Cate enjoys boating, camping and hiking. Her special wish is to star in a porn film.

Photo by Richard



Samantha, 18, a student from Amherst, Massachusetts, says she enjoys photography and would like to make love on a deserted beach.



Carmen K., from Kansas City, Missouri, is a 27-year-old masseuse who likes to watch TV and read in her spare time. She says her biggest turn-on is giving her man whatever he wants.

Photo by William Kraemer



Photo by Ralph Devine

Eighteen-year-old Trish Kraemer is a housewife and mother from Reno, Nevada, whose main interest is pleasing her husband. Her dream-come-true is appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.

Photo by Freida Bullard



Jabo is a two-year-old registered boxer from Elba, Alabama, who works out at a local gym. His dream is to bang Roberto Duran's pup.

Photo by Paul



Anoka, Minnesota, is home to 28-year-old Jesse, a health-maintenance engineer who likes to read about sex. Her fantasy is to put on a lingerie show for her husband and four other men.

A 47-year-old grandmother from Lancaster, California, who works in the aerospace industry, Dana Lynn spends her free time writing country-and-western songs. Her special wish is to meet a tall, sexy Gemini man.



Photo by Bill



Photo by William K. Thurmond



Mickey McHenry, 24, is a cashier from Salt Lake City, Utah, whose only hobby is sex. She says she wants to devour porn star John Holmes, "balls and all."



A housewife from Greenville, Mississippi, Ramona Thurmond, 21, enjoys sunbathing and photography. Her favorite fantasy is to eat her girlfriend's pussy while their men watch.

Photo by Boyfriend



Twenty-one-year-old Susanne Rainey is a model and waitress from Puyallup, Washington. She likes waterskiing and diving, and her dream is to live in a huge house with three men to satisfy all her kinky needs.

Photo by Boyfriend

One for the Ladies

Photo by Friend



Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is where you'll find Jo, a 29-year-old homemaker who enjoys the great outdoors. Her desire is to make it with her husband's best friend.

Motorcycles, music and women are the interests of Floyd Francis, 26, a bus driver from Wilmington, North Carolina. He hopes "a knockout woman will see me in HUSTLER and come and get me!"



Photo by Friend

Photo by W. G.



Twenty-four-year-old Dee G. is a hairstylist who lives in Kenai, Alaska. She lists her hobbies as sex and skiing, and says her fantasy is to make love to two guys while her husband watches.



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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 105. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

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Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to:

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Date

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TROUBLE IN 3 WEST

(continued from page 103)

shirt and pants.

A pocketknife sliced open her quilted long johns, leaving a trickle of blood along her side. She gargled a muffled scream as someone rammed her ass from behind, sending stabs of pain throughout her body. Mouths clamped on her breasts like hungry leeches. She felt like a pincushion as her cunt was violated time and time again. As soon as one grunting man was finished fucking her, another took his place.

Slowly she began sinking into unconsciousness. In her wildest flights of erotic fantasy this was never how Carol had imagined it would be. The last thing she saw before blackness enveloped her was the contorted, deranged face of Billy Fullmer looming above as he viciously rammed his cock into her mouth.

And then it was over, as abruptly as it had begun. Each of the men buttoned and zipped, and then picked up his hardhat. Still nobody spoke. As if by prearrangement, Sam Taylor and Tim Gorman gathered up shreds of Carol's clothing and equipment. The others picked up her limp body, clad only in workboots and a few remaining tatters of cloth.

Nobody bothered to see whether she was dead or alive. Staring ahead with vacant eyes, the men proceeded to the feeder-breaker and in one fluid movement lifted Carol and dropped her onto the swiftly moving belt. They watched without expression as her body and belongings followed huge chunks of coal into the hammers of the crusher.

Within several minutes the men were again seated in the kitchen, finishing their lunches as if they'd never been interrupted.

"Anybody seen Carol?" Fermin Villa asked, as they closed their lunch pails and gathered up sandwich wrappers and empty cans.

No one had.

"Man," Villa said, half-joking, "I hope she didn't sneak off to take a shit and fall in the stoep hole or something!" The stoep hole, used like a coal bin, was 65 feet deep.

"Ah, quit worrying," George Pitts said. "She'll show up. If the rest of you assholes were as dependable as her, we'd be the best crew around here."

The others murmured agreement.

Outside the mine, Harry Harmon was leaning idly on the belt frame, watching the coal rush past, when a flash of red caught his eye. His reflexive yank of the Kill cord stopped the belt, and he moved forward to investigate. The red

object was a mangled hardhat, its pieces held together by the straps riveted to the inside.

"Hey, Dick!" he called to the superboss, standing only a few yards away. "Come here a minute, will ya?"

"How come you shut off the belt?" complained Richard Fulton, approaching the frame. "You know that's only for emergencies—"

Harmon's pointing finger stopped the superboss in mid-sentence. "Guess we'd better see if anything else is there," he continued. "Maybe somebody just dropped it onto the belt."

Harmon immediately spotted something else half-buried among the lumps of coal. Leaning across the belt, he pulled out a tattered and worn workboot. The mangled, bloody stump of a leg he found inside made him drop the boot like it was contaminated, and he started to throw up.

Fulton rushed to Harmon's side and again followed the belt-frame operator's pointing finger. Behind the boot was a grisly trail of purple flesh clinging to slivers of bone, plus a brass square stamped "CAROL ARMAND 237."

Richard Fulton doubled over, and he too became violently sick.

On the night after Carol's funeral, which the entire crew had attended, Billy Fullmer woke up screaming from a horrifyingly realistic nightmare. The machine operator could see the men on the crew, himself included, attacking Carol's lifeless body as if it were something to be consumed. He could hear the savage snarls, the grunting and the harsh breathing ringing from the walls of the mine. He could see, as if he were watching a Technicolor movie, the silent group of workers dumping Carol onto the conveyor belt as if she were a sack of garbage.

And looming in the background he could vividly make out a short, potbellied figure with a swollen, pulsating cock. Its finely etched face howled with glee and then cackled hideously as it watched Carol's dismemberment. And then everything became dark—as black as the coal in Table Mountain.

Fullmer groped for the table lamp, and shivered in fear. He tried to pass off the nightmare as the aftermath of an onion sandwich he had eaten before going to sleep. But the knowledge that what he had dreamed was somehow real kept racing through his mind.

He slid out of bed, still shaking like a leaf, and lighted a cigarette as he stumbled into the bathroom. Standing at the toilet, he urinated noisily—wishing he could piss away the image of all the men

(continued on page 127)

When I was in college, everyone on campus—or so it seemed—packed up and headed for Fort Lauderdale during Spring Break. I went to Ball State University in Indiana (of course, I spent most of my time trying to live up to the name). Spring Break always meant the end of midterms, and after all that cramming, there was nothing like a sunny Florida vacation.

And there was always something about Fort Lauderdale that brought out the call of the wild in the chicks. I mean, I knew some real wallflowers at Ball State, but when they got down to Florida, all of a sudden the girls fucked like mad dogs.

These days I'm a marketing-research manager who fondly remembers college as the good old days. Recently, though, I had an experience in Fort Lauderdale that HUSTLER had a lot to do with.

I was in Miami on a Friday night, having just wrapped up a project, and was ready to fly back to my home in Cleveland, Ohio. I got to thinking about how I hadn't really had time to stay through the weekend. In my hotel room I was getting drunk at the company's expense via room service, when a wave of depression hit me.

All I could think about were the great times my buddies and I had had in Florida when we were in college. Back then, every Spring Break we would cut loose and head to Fort Lauderdale. But now here I was, almost ten years later, drinking alone in a Miami hotel room and pushing thoughts of my ex-wife out of my mind.

This is totally ridiculous, I thought to myself. *I've got the whole weekend ahead of me, and it's crazy to waste it.* So I packed up, checked out, and drove my rented Monte Carlo up Interstate 95 to Lauderdale. I checked into a motel at the beach, dropped my things off and headed out to the bars along Route 1, one of the city's main drags.

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences to help open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on double-spaced manuscripts.



SNAPPING SNATCH

by Jack Phillips

Things hadn't changed much, and I felt a sense of pleasant nostalgia as I drove along. I stopped at four or five places and surprised myself by having a really good time. It was like being a college student all over again. Finally, I stopped at a small pizza place called Alonzo's to get something to eat before calling it a night. I sat down at a small table in the back and looked around.

There were several couples, some kids

and a few college-student types. The collegians were unmistakably high. Whenever they tried to take a bite of pizza, they couldn't find their mouths. And then I saw her.

She was taking an order at the other end of the restaurant, and, like the song, she was tall and tan and young and lovely. She was wearing a faded pair of tight blue jeans and a little T-shirt that said "ALONZO'S" in big letters across the front. The A and the S were distorted like in one of those amusement-park funhouse mirrors, because they were clinging to the most incredible pair of tits I've ever seen. Big and round and firm, their fantastic little nipples were visible through the thin material of her shirt. Hers was one of those bodies that defy description—a body that made her face seem like a minor detail.

In fact, when I now think back about that waitress at Alonzo's, I can vividly remember everything about her body, while her face melts into the back of my mind. It's a good thing I have those pictures, but I'll tell you more about that later.

She was a bleached-blond with a dark tan and a wide, white-toothed smile. She stepped over to my table, gave me a big grin and asked what I wanted.

"You," I replied, before I could stop my mouth from making a fool out of me. I guess she didn't number many real wits among her friends, because she thought

the line clever and laughed in an encouragingly seductive way. I ordered a small pepperoni pizza and got a few more giggles and smiles from her, then watched her perfectly rounded ass bounce off into the kitchen.

In 15 minutes she returned with my order, and I asked her to join me. Since it was near closing time and she had almost finished her duties for the evening, she did just that. We exchanged life stories. Her name was Cyndee, she was 19,

she was studying ceramics, and she liked older guys because boys her own age were still so immature.

When I told her I was 30, she asked if I had been a Buddy Holly fan back in my younger days. (I guess she had seen the movie.) I told her she had her time frame mixed up a bit; I was strictly Woodstock generation.

We continued talking, but the only thing I could concentrate on was coming up with the magic words to get this lovely creature back to my motel room. Now, don't get me wrong; I'm not a guy who lusts after shallow, meaningless encounters. But I knew if I got Cyndee into bed, it wouldn't be a shallow fuck. I'd plant my prick so deep in her cunt, she'd taste my cum in her mouth.

Anyway, before I could get the words out, Cyndee suggested we go back to my room. I thought, *Times sure have changed*. Before I knew it, my shaking hand was trying desperately to open the door to my motel room.

As Cyndee looked around the room, she noticed a copy of HUSTLER on the night table—those nights in Miami were kind of lonely—and picked it up. She told me HUSTLER always made her horny. We sat on the edge of the bed, and as she leafed through the pages (I already knew them by heart), I began stroking her back and arms and planting

soft kisses on her neck. She was unconsciously grinding her ass into the bed when she looked up from the magazine.

"You have a camera!" she exclaimed, spotting my Polaroid on the dresser. Whenever I'm on the road, I bring along a camera. For a second I was afraid she was about to start chatting away about photography and break the spell. But I was wrong. She told me she had always wanted to have nude photos taken of her, just like the ones in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*. I immediately jumped up to get the Polaroid and walked back over to her.

I had her kneel on the bed and slowly unzip the front of her jeans until her patch of dark tangles peeked through. *Snap*. Then I helped her remove her jeans, slowly revealing the untanned triangle surrounding her lovely pink gash. *Snap*. Then up with the T-shirt, peeling it off inch by inch, exposing one beautiful mound, pale and luminous against her dark tan.

She knew what her striptease was doing to me, and that made her hotter and hotter too. She invented her own poses as I watched and took pictures. My erection begged for release, but this tease was so gloriously painful, I wanted it to last forever.

Now completely naked, she knelt on the bed on all fours, with her ass wink-

ing at my camera, her opening swelling and shimmering with her juices. *Snap*. She rolled over on her back and lifted one leg high into the air, giving me a wide-open cunt shot. *Snap*.


She reached over and grabbed a pillow to put under her ass. With her knees bent and thighs spread wide, she inserted a finger into her deliciously dripping pussy, giving me a clear shot of the action, while she pinched and kneaded her breasts with her other hand. *Snap*. Her fingers tickled and teased her clit, darting in and out of her vagina, and she started to writhe and moan like an animal. *Snap*.

"Oh, fuck me!" Cyndee cried out, and I ripped off my shirt and pants, freeing my throbbing blood-engorged cock. She grabbed for it like a drowning person reaching for a life preserver, and swallowed my prick in one gulp. I let her suck and flick her tongue around my cock for a minute, but then I pulled away. I wanted to be inside that warm, wet cunt, to be enveloped by those pink folds of slippery flesh.

I lay back on the bed, and she climbed on top of me, impaling herself on my shaft with a loud grunt. She began bouncing and riding me like a bronco, her glorious tan body glistening with sweat, her tits quivering madly with her movements. I could have shot my wad at that point, but why should she do all the work? Besides, I wanted to give her a fuck she'd never forget.

I grabbed her hips and pulled her down on the bed. She draped her long, tan legs over my shoulders while I rammed my cock so deep into her cunt that she screamed with pleasure. Deeper and faster I plunged, and she met every thrust, bucking her hips and squeezing down on my rod as she finally came. And then it happened. One final push, and my hot white stream of cum shot deep inside her, over and over, until we both collapsed on the bed in a frenzy of sexual pleasure.

Cyndee and I spent the following day together at the beach, and Saturday night we went back to my motel room and took some more nude pictures of her. Early Sunday morning I drove back to Miami to catch a flight to Cleveland.

I'm sitting at home right now, looking at those hot photos of Cyndee that I took in the motel and at the model release she had signed. I promised her I'd send them to HUSTLER as soon as I got home. But now I'm not sure I can part with them. Maybe I can in a month or two. Anyway, if your readers spot a Cyndee from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in a future *Beaver Hunt*, they'll know how it all happened. 



Honey

AT HONEY'S, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT ... WELL, USUALLY...

I'M A **RECRUITER**, HONEY, SO I OUGHTA KNOW! THIS WOMEN'S-LIB STUFF IS BULLSHIT! BROADS COULD NEVER GET THROUGH BOOT CAMP IF THEY WAS DRAFTED!

BROADS, HUH? LOOK, G.I. JOE, IF WOMEN WERE CALLED UP, WE'D BE MORE THAN ABLE TO DO THE JOB!

HONEY DECIDES TO PROVE A POINT!

LET'S SEE WHO'S THE **WEAKER SEX!**

HUH?

THREE HOURS AND FORTY-FIVE POSITIONS LATER...

I'VE BEEN... **OUTFLANKED!**

NO! YOU'VE BEEN **OUTFUCKED!**

NO WONDER THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN!

THE NEXT DAY A STRANGELY FAMILIAR PETITIONER APPEARS AT HONEY'S - GATHERING SIGNATURES FOR THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT!

I'M SURE YOU BROADS...ER ... LADIES WOULD BE INTERESTED IN SUPPORTING THE E.R.A. BY SIGNING THIS PETITION, RIGHT? ♪

MAKE FUN OF ME, WILL THEY? IF THEY SIGN THIS, I'LL SHOW 'EM FUN - WITH A TWO-YEAR HITCH! HEH, HEH!

HMMM!



UNAWARE THE PETITION IS LYING ON CARBON PAPER AND U.S. ARMY ENLISTMENT FORMS, THE GIRLS SIGN.

WELL, WHY NOT? I'M FOR THE E.R.A.

WHERE DO WE SIGN?

THAT SHOWS WHO'S THE SMARTER SEX!



TWO WEEKS LATER - A NOTICE OF INDUCTION!

WE ENLISTED IN THE ARMY?

I KNEW THAT E.R.A. LADY LOOKED FAMILIAR! WE MAY HAVE BEEN DUPED, BUT WE'LL SHOW 'EM ACTIVE DUTY!

HUH?!!



THE GIRLS GO FOR THE ROUTINE MILITARY PHYSICAL!

U.S. ARMY INDUCTION CENTER

WE DON'T WANT ANY SPECIAL TREATMENT. WE'LL DO EXACTLY WHAT THE MEN DO!

TURN YOUR HEAD AND COUGH.

HAVE URINE SAMPLES READY

BLECCHHH! COUGH!





THE NEXT DAY IT'S TIME FOR CALISTHENICS, BUT THE GUYS LOOK LIKE THEY'VE TAKEN ANESTHETICS!



ON THE
OBSTACLE
COURSE!

C'MON, YOU NEEDLE-NOSED
LUNKHEADS! DON'T LET
THESE GIRLS GET AHEAD OF
YOU, YA FAGGOTS!

HONEY'S
GIRLS ARE RUINING
MY MORALE!



SOON ALL IS QUIET ON THE HOME FRONT.



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since it is our belief that an informed citizenry is the best deterrent to fraudulent practices, *Mail-Order Feedback's* purpose is to reduce mail-order problems through education rather than to impose censorship on *HUSTLER* advertisers.

We suggest that you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, your state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

NOWHERE FAST

One of the marks of a mail-order con game is an authorization card, arriving after you've ordered a product, that says: "Send us \$5 extra, and we'll expedite your order," or "An extra \$5 will speed up delivery." The implication is that, instead of sending your merchandise via third-class mail, the company will ship it first-class or by United Parcel Service.

That's bullshit, for two reasons. First, the difference between first and third class is far less than \$5, unless you're ordering a large or heavy object. Second—and more important—these shady outfits still send your merchandise by third-class mail, and in most cases you won't get it any sooner.

Here's a word of advice: Avoid the speedy-service come-on. Those companies specialize in the fast buck, not faster service.

NEW GOOD GUY

We welcome another mail-order firm to our list of Dependable Dealers: *P&G Distributors* (P.O. Box 2477, Columbus, Ohio 43212). *P&G* offers a full inventory of videocassettes, films and magazines, and claims it will find—within several days—any 8mm American loop it doesn't have on hand, if the film is still being distributed.

Its stock of videotapes ranges from *Swedish Erotica* (\$55 per cassette, each containing three loops) to feature-length X-rated films such as *Debbie Does Dallas* (\$85). *P&G* carries all the major series—*Collection*, *Limited Edition*, *Pretty Girls*, etc.—of films and magazines at reasonable prices.

Drop *P&G* a line with \$3 enclosed and request its brochures. The \$3 charge

is deductible from future purchases over \$20. *P&G* does not accept orders outside of the United States.

SOFT-CORE JUNK

I ordered all 18 items listed in an ad for *Discount Distributors* (P.O. Box 27932, Los Angeles, California 90027). The ad stated the materials would be shipped within 24 hours. I didn't receive them, however, until more than two months later. Not only that, the magazines were not the same titles as advertised, and they were of poor quality. The six movies came as one small reel of crappy black-and-white film. Nothing even approached hard-core. The six sex aids promised turned out to be a 1" rubber penis and a sheet of paper with some so-called sex information on it. I think *Discount Distributors* and the partner company that sends out its shit (*Mailers Service*, 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028) are ripping people off.

—M. A.
East Patchogue, New York

I ordered some film from two firms that plainly advertise "hard-core" material: *Color Film, Ltd.* (P.O. Box 85051, Los Angeles, California 90072) and *Via Film Products* (P.O. Box 35615, Los Angeles, California 90035). Next thing I knew, I received an authorization card from *Mailers Service*—an outfit I remember from your column as being shady. So I wasn't surprised to find that their "hard-core" material was really flaccid, cheap crap. But I'm surprised to see they're now calling it "hard-core" in their ads. Isn't that mail fraud?

—R. T.
Tennessee Colony, Texas

Mailers Service Company and its stooge outfits like *Discount Distributors* and *Via Film Products* have long been preying on *HUSTLER* readers, but the U.S. Postal Service is so wishy-washy that these companies operate with impunity. Says R. D. McCarthy, assistant inspector in charge in Los Angeles, "This matter [*Mailers Service*] has had our attention. The investigation did not disclose evidence to indicate a violation of mail-fraud statutes, which could be the basis for criminal prosecution. . . . In order to prove the offense of mail-fraud, substantial evidence of criminal intent is required."

What *Mailers Service* has been guilty of is misrepresentation, which the U.S. Postal Service doesn't seem to consider an offense. But with the word *hard-core* in two of its ads for soft-core junk, *Mailers Service* is walking a fine line between fraud and misrepresentation.

As a result of this flagrant attempt to rip off our readers, *HUSTLER* has now


dropped these companies (*Via Films*, *Discount Distributors* and *Color Film*) from our pages. We have long defended these scumbags with the rationale that their low prices and extravagant claims should alert the intelligent reader, but they've gone too far. This doesn't mean, however, that the people behind *Mailers Service* won't slip another stooge outfit into our pages; so keep your eyes open when buying "bargains." Anyone having problems with *Mailers Service* should write to May Coffman, Investigative Review Specialist (Postal Inspector's Office, P.O. Box 30456, Los Angeles, California 90030) or call her at 213-688-3395.

LEGAL REFUND

About a week before I read your December '80 *Mail-Order Feedback* ("Interworld Rip-off"), I ordered some magazines from *Interworld Connection* (6255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 609, Los Angeles, California 90028). After two months of waiting I finally received my magazines, and they were everything you said they were—and less. I was pissed. I sent them back and demanded a refund, but *Interworld* told me it didn't give refunds. Instead, I was offered credit on a future purchase. Hell, I don't want to buy anything else. It sells only shit. How do I get my \$48 back?

—A. J.
San Diego, California

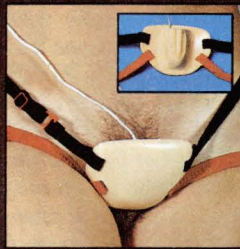
Interworld Connection is not obligated to send you a refund unless it gives a money-back guarantee in its advertising or literature. However, since *Interworld* took so long to deliver your merchandise, you can use the Federal Trade Commission's Mail-Order Merchandise Rule (discussed in March's *Mail-Order Feedback*) to get your money back. The rule says a company has to deliver goods within 30 days of receiving an order, unless it specifies another time limit. If you haven't received your goods within the time allowed, you have the right to cancel your order and get your money back. Write *Interworld* again and demand your refund on the grounds of the FTC rule. Send a copy of that letter to the Federal Trade Commission (11000 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024), and let *Interworld* know you've reported it.

This tactic will also work with many other cheap dealers who deliver slowly. After you've waited five weeks (allowing a week for your order to reach the dealer) without receiving the merchandise, you have a right to get a refund. You still have that right even after the stuff arrives, if you send it back. 

Give Her The Gift That Never Stops Giving!

JONI'S BUTTERFLY

If your horny lady friend seems to be suddenly enjoying herself while she's doing the wash or putting up storm windows, put your ear against her pussy and listen for a gentle buzz. Chances are she's wearing a Joni's Butterfly. This is the perfect full-time companion for the horniest lady in the world, because it never stops giving her "head" all day long! Strap it on, turn up the vibrator, and off it goes, and so does she ... orgasm after orgasm, again and again, and the battery controlled vibrator that presses against her clitoris can be hidden in her clothing. Diabolical!



CODE 496 \$12.95

Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

Dept. JB125

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$12.95 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling (CT residents add sales tax.) Please rush Joni's Butterfly to me immediately. I understand that if it doesn't do everything you say it will, I can return it in 14 days for a complete refund—no questions asked! (CODE 496)

Name _____

Signature (I am over 18 years of age) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ BankAmericard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge

Interbank No. _____

Mo. _____ Yr. _____

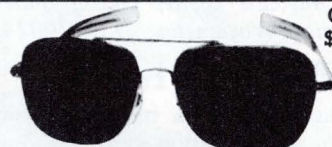
Exp. Date _____

YOURS FREE!
MARILYN
CHAMBERS'
48-page color
catalog of Erotic
Adventures!

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Each pair features: Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames • No non-sense guarantee.

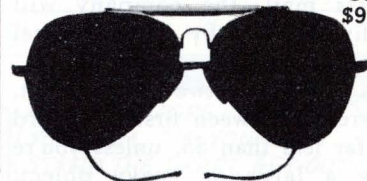
FREE—limited time only—deluxe velour lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a \$3.00 value). Credit cards accepted. Dealer inquiries invited. NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics. To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days.



Only
\$7.95

World Famous Pilot's Glasses

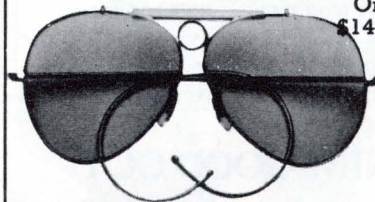
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only \$7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over \$20.00. #20P available in gold or silver frame. A \$20.00 value only \$7.95. Two pairs for \$14.00.



Only
\$9.95

Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses

Flexible cable temples. #30A gold frame only. A \$30.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.



Only
\$14.95

Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses

Wide angle amber lens brightens visibility. #30D gold frame only. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

To order send check or money order to U.S. Optics, Dept. 752, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324. Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date

QUANTITY	MODEL #	GOLD	SILVER	PRICE
	20P			
	30A	X		
	30D	X		

Add Postage, Handling, and Insurance
\$1.00 per pair

Total _____

Visa or Master Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FREE case with each pair.

XXX RATED WET! HOT!

PORNO FILM CLASSICS

UNCENSORED NOT SIMULATED FULL COLOR

Indulge your wildest erotic fantasies to the fullest. See & experience the exciting techniques of luscious sex starved Swedish young ladies & super studs in the most totally explicit uncensored sizzling sex ever photographed. **ALL FULL COLOR in Reg 8 or Super 8. ORDER TODAY WHILE SPECIAL OFFER LASTS. GUARANTEED SATISFACTION.**

Now \$5.95

A 1—"Abducted 'Virgin Heiress'"—receives more than her share from two young well hung studs. Plenty of French & Greek. Hot!! only \$5.95

B 2—"Lesbian Romp"—See the wettest 4 girl orgy ever. Plenty of close-up heart-pounding dildo scenes make you wet. INCREDIBLE!! only \$5.95

C 3—"Oriental Madness"—Experience B & W studs filling all the gaps in these petite foreigners. Exploding scenes!! only \$5.95

D 4—"Back Door Fun"—See penetrating photos of the forbidden sex act. How far it goes up is hard to believe. Watch Out!! only \$5.95

E 5—"Hot Stewardesses"—Two horny gals let their weary pilot taxi into all their love tunnels. Totally uninhibited!! only \$5.95

F 6—"Deep Dora"—Young nympho with a mouth like a vacuum mouths her lover's tool beyond belief. A must!! only \$5.95

FREE BONUS CATALOG WITH EVERY ORDER

SPECIAL: ☐ Order any two films and receive one All Hot Sex Book Free (\$10.00 Value)
EXTRA SPECIAL: ☐ Order any 4 films and receive 2 All Photo Sex Books Free (\$20.00 Value)
SUPER SPECIAL: ☐ Order all 6 films and receive 3 All Photo Sex Books Free (\$30.00 Value)

- ☐ A 1—Abducted Virgin Heiress Only \$5.95
- ☐ B 2—Lesbian Romp Only \$5.95
- ☐ C 3—Oriental Madness Only \$5.95
- ☐ D 4—Back Door Fun Only \$5.95
- ☐ E 5—Hot Stewardesses Only \$5.95
- ☐ F 6—Deep Dora Only \$5.95

☐ Reg. 8 ☐ Sup. 8 Add 50¢ P & H ea. reel

Quality P.O. BOX 11 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016 Dept.HPF4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I hereby represent that I am an adult, being over 21 years of age and in my opinion, the material described herein which I am now ordering, does not go beyond the standards of my community.

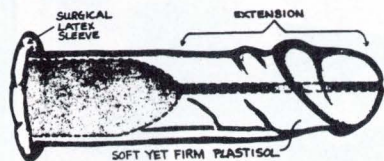
Signature: _____

No order shipped unless signature appears above.

BE BIGGER NATURALLY

The "Natural" Penis Extension

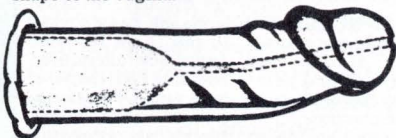
This natural appearing prosthesis is manufactured from plastisol and adds from two to four inches of length to the penis and approximately one half inch in diameter. The "Natural" extension also helps to prevent premature ejaculation and increases stimulation in the vaginal canal to bring more enjoyment to the female partner. A surgical latex sleeve is used to fit over the shaft of the penis to hold the appliance in place thereby eliminating the need for straps. It can be easily cleaned and with proper care should last indefinitely.



#56-5"X1 1/4" I.D. extends 2". #57-6 1/2"X1 1/4" I.D. extends 3". #58-7 1/2"X1 1/4" extends 4".

"Natural Curve" Extension

The curved design performs the same functions as the straight model except that its purpose is to more naturally conform to the shape of the vagina.



#59-5"X1 1/4" I.D. extends 2". #60-6 1/2"X1 1/4" I.D. extends 3". #61-7 1/2"X1 1/4" extends 4".

Thousands sold to satisfied customers for \$22.95. Now available in your choice of size and shape for only \$9.95.

Therapeutic Products, Dept. 5213 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

ERECTION PROBLEMS?

Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies. American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chin-chona, DIGITALIS in foxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for long, powerful erections. Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SANSAPARILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it **SUPER MALE TONIC**. An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling **SUPER MALE TONIC** as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974.

If you have erection worries and are looking for relief we can promise you this: You won't be sorry you tried Super Male Tonic.

- ☐ 60 capsules \$ 8.95
- ☐ 180 capsules (save \$6.90) only \$19.95

(PLEASE ADD \$1 POSTAGE. CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX)

ORGO PHARMACAL, Dept. M200
Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030

Swing Friends

NAMES, PHONE NUMBERS,
PLUS ADDRESSES

AND PERSONAL ADS
OF SWINGING GIRLS, GUYS,
COUPLES & BI'S IN YOUR AREA

ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU

CALL NOW
1-314-287-6300

P.O. BOX 130 Fenton, Mo. 63026

NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN!

5'4" TALL
**SOLID ACTION
LOVE PARTNER**
37-23-36

with LARGE

Marilyn is the
only doll that
goes all the way!

\$49.95 value
NOW only
\$29.95

(save \$20.00)

Send \$2.00

postage

& handling

The

only DOLL

that COMES
complete with
ELECTRONIC
LOVE MOTION!



BREASTS

You'll love her.
She'll love you.

The
bed-partner
that doesn't
talk back—
just obeys!

She'll submit to
every whim!

M.K. DOLL IMPORTS
BOX 2127 DEPT. HU-4
TOLUCA LAKE, CA 91602

GUARANTEED SATISFACTION

Phone Line

GET OFF
OVER THE PHONE

You will get: LIVE Sex talk with
Brandy and her sexy friends
as often as you like,
42-page book of revealing photos,
New and LIVE numbers monthly.

CALL NOW
1-314-287-1900

P.O. BOX 645 Fenton, Mo. 63026

FOOT FETISH?

AT LAST! A publisher who shares your fetish has available a 40 page magazine containing over 100 photographs of beautiful young girls selected for their pretty feet, legs & ankles. Don't miss out, as this book is a foot fetishist's dream come true! VERY DISCRETE! Send \$5.95 to:

LES FEET PUBLISHING CO.

P.O. BOX 2697 RESEDA, CA 91335

304

Do you want a huge dong?

Have you ever envied those who had them...erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hebrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung **WE CAN AND DO** promise you at least an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8 weeks. Won't she be surprised when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the man you used to be when you slide it in and reach the end? **SAFE TO USE.** No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price...only \$7.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just \$7.95...practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. **DON'T WAIT.** The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new giant ram-rod. Send \$7.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to:

EXER-TONE-PLUS, Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, BABY

I'm just a small town chick trying to make it through some hard times, modeling for these pictures and doing a few other things Mama wouldn't approve of. I'll pose for you in any position you like, dirty or clean. I'm only 18, but you'd be surprised what a girl can learn in the hayloft growin' up! For a demonstration, send me \$3. I'll send you back some pictures my brother took and a personal note from me.

Send to: Denise McCall, P.O. Box 187- P9 Bellaire, Ohio 43906.



PENIS ENLARGEMENT GUARANTEED!

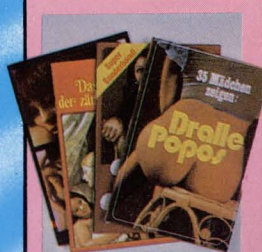
YOU WILL GAIN 2 TO 3 INCHES WITHIN 48 HOURS. . . AND WE WILL GUARANTEE IT!

Now your penis can reach maximum dimensions this simple, natural way! No pills, no messy creams, no weights, no bullshit- The **DIMENSION PLUS** will make your penis **2 to 3 inches longer**, also **thicker and firmer**. It will help you control premature ejaculation. **DIMENSION PLUS** is durable, easy to use and it is **guaranteed** to work. The regular price will be \$14.95. It is now sold exclusively and available only by mail at our special introductory price of only **\$7.95 complete**

The custom model
only \$10 complete

Send cash, check or M.O. to:
DIMENSIONS Dept. 5213
Box 35276, L.A., Ca 90035

THE CONNOISSEUR'S COLLECTION OF EROTIC BOOKS



EROTIC BOOK FAIR!
You'll see why world travelers have been smuggling books like these into the U.S.A. for years. Each of your 4 books is the original EUROPEAN EDITION - packed with intimate close-ups, almost all in full-color.
YOUNG LOVERS! BREASTS! BOTTOMS UP! WOMEN AT PLAY!
CODE 019 \$9.95

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE



SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE
A beautifully photographed examination of human sexuality. Explicit, intimate photographs expose the very personal details of teenage sex, orgasm, puberty, masturbation, exotic positions, oral sex, and much, much more...all explicitly portrayed by some of the most beautiful young people to be seen!
CODE 137 \$9.95



MASTURBATION
Watch People Getting Off!
Over 190 explicit and detailed photos of intimate sexual self-gratification!
You'll learn things about this wonderful way to please yourself that you didn't even believe could exist!
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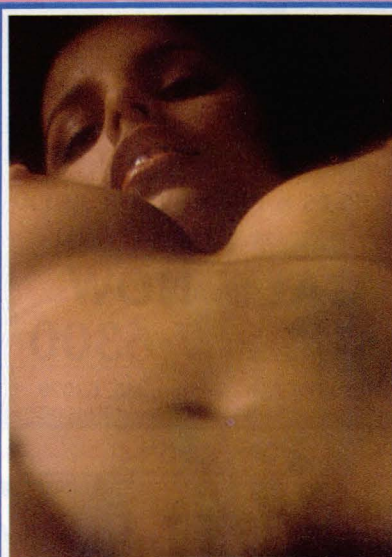


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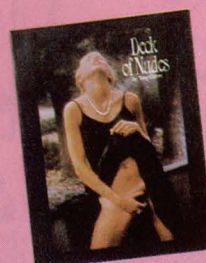


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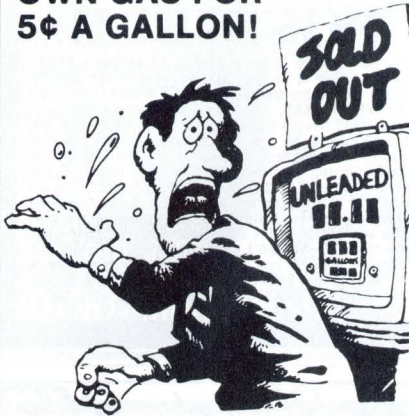
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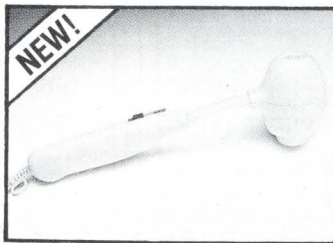
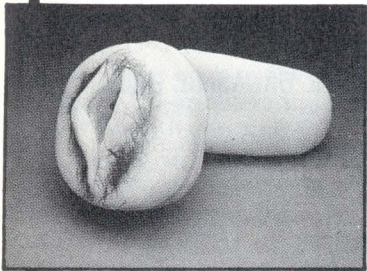
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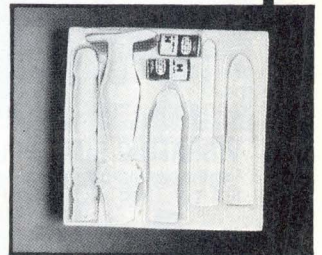


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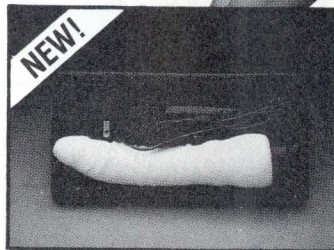
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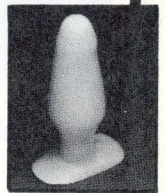
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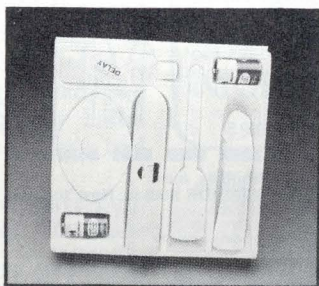
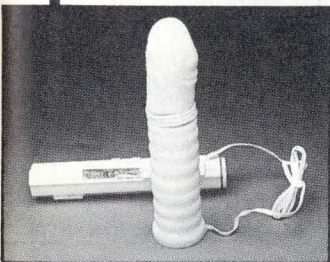
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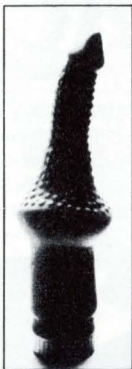
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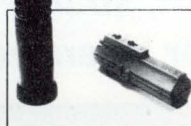
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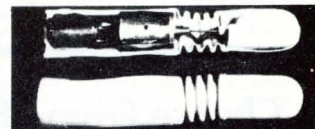
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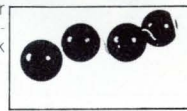
That's right, it thrusts in and out, vibrates fast or slow, rolls and twists its "head" around and around AND IT ACTUALLY GETS HOT TOO! Heat up her pussy while the rotating, thrusting, vibrating action is giving her pussy the going over of her life. An orgasmic explosion of delight...almost addictive it's so totally pleasing inside her!

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TROUBLE IN 3 WEST

(continued from page 110)

brutally pounding away at Carol.

Later, sipping a cup of coffee, he sat at the kitchen table and tried to sort things out. The strange figure he and John Cameron had found embedded in the coal seam was obviously the key. He thought of the many occult movies he had seen, like *The Exorcist*, *The Omen* and others whose titles he couldn't recall. They all had one thing in common, something to do with demons or the devil. That could explain the smell—the pungent, eye-stinging sulfur.

But Fullmer had no idea how the idol, or whatever it was, had come to rest in a seam of coal that—according to geologists—dated back to the days of the dinosaurs. No primitive implement could have honed the bizarre figurine.

Lighting a fresh cigarette from the butt of the old one, Fullmer considered going to the police. But what would he say? *Hey, fellers, me and the others got temporarily possessed by this demon that's been lying around in a coal seam for who knows how long, and we fucked Carol to death.*

He could predict their reaction. *Yeah, sure, Fullmer. Tell us more crap like that, and you'll wind up weaving baskets at the state funny farm.*

He glanced at the kitchen clock. It was already three in the morning, two hours before the mine would open for the day. To help ease his mind, he tried focusing on the fourth-graders' play his niece had starred in the previous week. But there was no way the child's laughing face could erase the blank faces of his co-workers as they carried Carol's lifeless body to the conveyor belt.

He searched his mind for possible answers. Maybe the demon/devil/whatever had been dormant until he and Cameron had unearthed it from the coal seam. *Of course!* Buried under tons of earth, rock and coal, the figure had been impotent—powerless to do any harm. But once it was freed, the result had been deadly.

For the first time in three days Fullmer felt good about things. He knew what he had to do.

It was just past 4 a.m. when he walked into the Lower Mine's warehouse.

"Morning, Billy," said the warehouseman, rousing himself from a snooze. "Little early, ain'tcha?"

"Yup," Fullmer replied, handing him a list of materials. "Got some work to do on that rock spar we hit yesterday. Got to get done before the rest of the crew comes in."

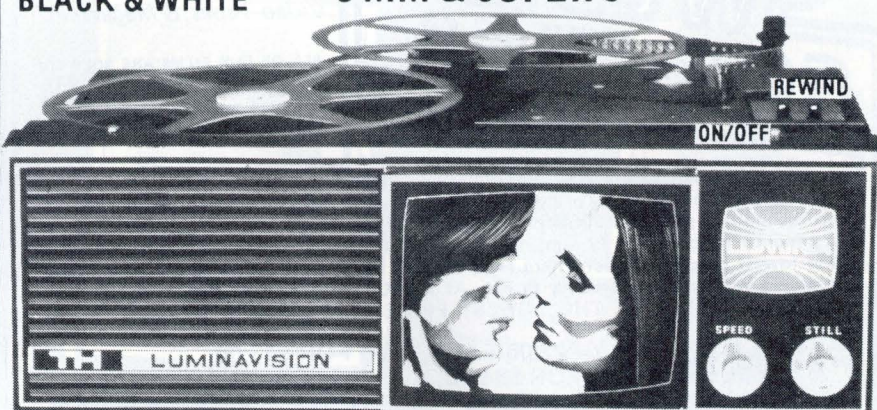
The warehouseman scanned the list. "Well, I dunno," he said. "The boss ain't here right now, and he didn't say

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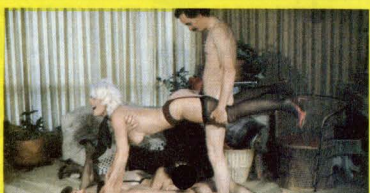


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There's a guy in this one whose dick is almost as big as John Holmes's... and just as HARD! When Seka and her girlfriend get together with two studs, it's bumpin' & bouncin' all day long! Everyone gets blown and licked, not to mention fucked and pricked! You'll flip as you watch the ACTION!



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SWEDISH EROTICA VOL. 27 SEV-27
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SWEDISH EROTICA VOL. 28 SEV-28
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nothing about it yesterday. . . . Ah, what the fuck. Half the time they never tell me nothin' anyway."

He trotted off down a cavernous aisle to fill the order, and in a few minutes returned with a large box. "Now, don't trip and fall," he grinned.

"I'm taking the Kubota," Fullmer said, smiling back. "Don't want to walk all the way in there with this sort of stuff."

It took ten minutes for him to drive the small, battery-powered mini-tractor to the place where he and John Cameron had discovered the metal figure. Another 20 minutes was spent stringing the wire and setting the sticks of blasting powder. He knew it would have been better to drill holes to accommodate the dynamite, but he would have to make do. Time was running short, and he didn't want to risk having any of the men come down before he had finished.

Carefully unrolling the firing wire, he slowly backed away from the wall of coal. One of the leads was already hooked up to the heavy ignition battery he was carrying under his arm.

A hundred feet away from where he had set up the blast, Fullmer heard a faint skittering noise behind him—like the sound rats make. His heart nearly stopped as he swung his head around.

A smoky greenish glow was rolling toward him, billowing until it surrounded him with a vile, sulfurous smell that entered his nose and clogged his throat. Just as the cloud was about to envelop him, he touched the lead wire to the battery terminal, pushed the Fire button and fell to the ground.

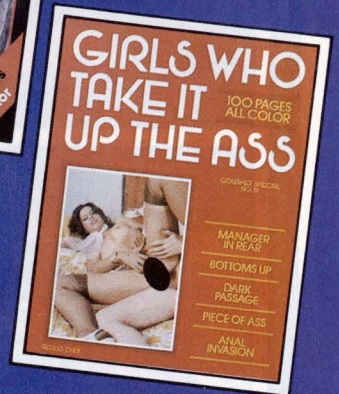
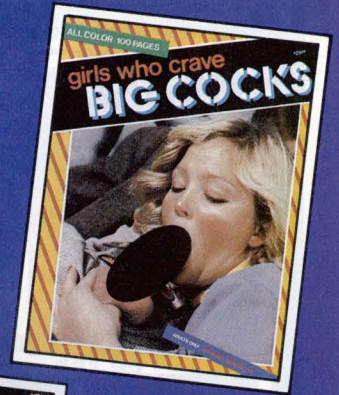
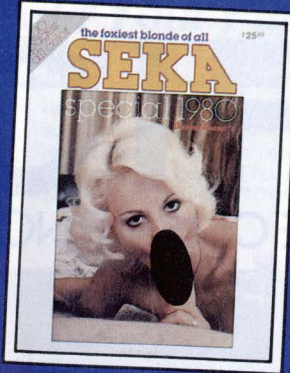
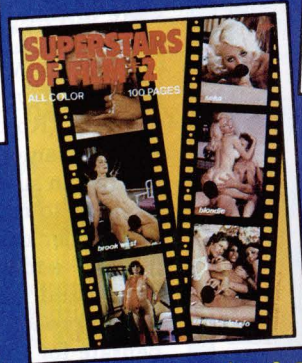
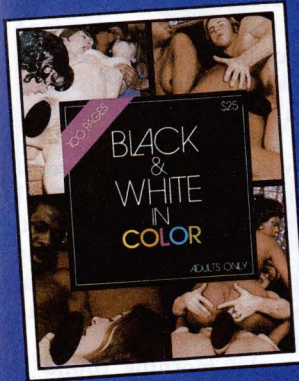
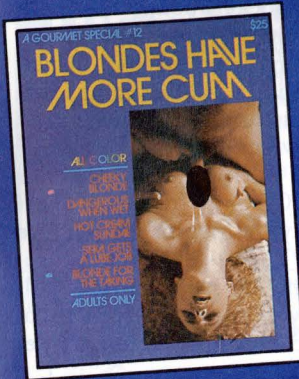
The blast of shattering rock left his ears ringing. Next came a series of echoing aftershocks and then an ominous silence. Retracing his steps through a gentle shower of coal dust, Fullmer reached the site of the explosion and gingerly probed the area with a stick. The square hole where he and Cameron had first seen the object was gone, buried under tons of debris. A grin of satisfaction creased his weathered face.

Fifteen minutes later, as he gathered up the last of the detonation equipment, he could hear his fellow miners arriving for work at the other end of the shaft. Moving toward them, he felt good. In a small way, at least, he had avenged Carol's death.

A shrill whistle announced the beginning of another day in the mines. Fullmer and his co-workers started up their machines, setting up a din that obscured a faint cackle coming from a far corner of the shaft. The trouble in 3 West had only just begun.

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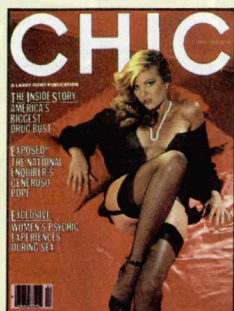
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PROFILE: MARSHALL HOLMAN

(continued from page 88)

Holman finishes the afternoon round poorly, in 39th place. Rather than moan about what he calls his “shitty” score, he dashes from the locker room for the evening round with a glazed look in his eyes. Two hours later he has turned things around with a 240-per-game average and the customary flashiness that crowds both love and hate.

When he’s notified that he has clinched a \$500 bonus for the highest score of the day, he pumps his fist like an evangelist. “Yes-s-s-s!” he roars, turning to his wife. “Five hundred ballo-o-ons. Hey, we can get Roscoe a set of braces!” (Roscoe is the Holmans’ pet cocker spaniel.)

Now in sixth place, Holman glibly explains to reporters how he’d switched to a harder ball, thereby decreasing lane friction and cutting the size of his hook—and how he’d moved his five-step approach a little to the left, to compensate for the change.

“Last year when I bowled here, I panicked and just missed,” he says. “I know now that I’ve got enough talent, especially for this particular bowling center. If I just keep my cool, I can beat enough players to stay in the top 24 and take home a big paycheck.”

But the Thursday-morning round is an unqualified disaster for Holman. He ends up finishing 26th, missing the cut-off by 19 pins. Sadly he gathers up his equipment, puts his 12 bowling balls back in their bags and consoles himself with a minimal \$1,300 purse. Until the next stop on the tour, bowling’s biggest attraction is out of the spotlight—reduced to the shadows with the other also-rans.

“I had such a big cushion, I figured I could play the same type of shot as last night,” Holman says glumly, walking from the lanes toward the Riviera’s lounge. “But I just couldn’t make it work. Everyone knows the lanes’ surfaces change from day to day, but I was stubborn. I thought I could gut it out. I didn’t panic. Maybe I should have. It’s not good for the mind or the body to go from such a high level to such a low. Mental pain like that also hurts you physically.”

He trudges out the door with his gear, barely looking up. “I’ll be bowling in other tournaments for years to come,” he says. “But right now I’m getting on a plane, going home and taking care of more important priorities.”

A grin comes to his face as he mentions the one at the top of the list. “Gotta see about getting Roscoe a good set of braces.”

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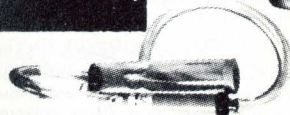
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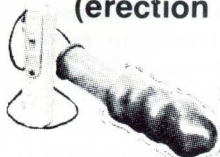
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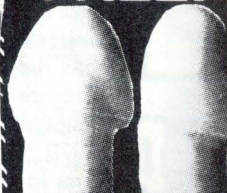
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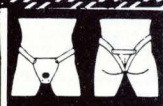
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KU KLUX KLAN

(continued from page 54)

terrorists will eventually find a way to use this firepower.

"The FBI used to have the authority to infiltrate the radical Right and the radical Left, but Congress has practically emasculated that power," Abbott continues. "The government and many new members have been taken in by some recent Klan moves toward so-called respectability. They don't understand that ultimately the leadership means business—violent business."

The public persona of tough-talking Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson would certainly support that assessment. Wilkinson, who travels to rallies and meetings in a Klan-owned \$10,000 Piper Cub airplane, likes to be seen flanked by bodyguards toting submachine guns, sawed-off shotguns and riot guns.

"The sawed-off shotguns are not for rabbit-hunting," he declares. "They are used to waste people. And that's exactly what we'll do if we're attacked."

It was Wilkinson who was the prime mover behind two heavily publicized Klan rallies in Connecticut, where he was arrested for having a loaded gun in a suitcase in the trunk of his car. The FBI has been investigating his "Invisible Empire" since some of its members engaged in the previously mentioned 1979 shoot-out with black demonstrators in Decatur, Alabama.

And the FBI most certainly is aware of the group's secret military maneuvers in Alabama, where special task forces of commandos are being trained to fight the nationwide race war the Klan feels is inevitable. One weekend each month, carrying the Confederate flag, about two dozen Klansmen dressed in camouflage and military fatigues engage in an urban-warfare training program reminiscent of an Army boot camp. Practicing search-and-destroy missions, they high-step their way through rows of old tires, scramble beneath a barbed-wire net, cross a rope bridge and negotiate a 100-yard obstacle course while firing M-16 rifles at random targets.

Klan wives also join in these activities, since under Wilkinson's emancipated recruiting program, women are permitted to join local Klan chapters. Roman Catholics are being encouraged to become members also.

Dan Gearino, a reporter for the *Flint* (Michigan) *Journal* managed to infiltrate another secret Klan training camp in Texas. Northwest of Galveston Bay he witnessed guerrilla-warfare exercises supervised by armed and uniformed Klansmen. He was told that more than 500 people had received such training,

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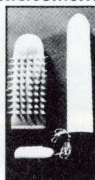
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which included simulated gunfire and grenade explosions, as well as agility drills and marching formations. One of the instructors on hand was Texas Grand Dragon Louis Beam—the racist bookstore-owner who recently advocated guerrilla training for six-year-olds.

"We'll set up our own state here [in Texas] and announce that all nonwhites have 24 hours to leave," Beam said, outlining his blueprint for revolution. "Lots of them won't believe it or won't believe us when we say we'll get rid of them; so we'll have to exterminate a lot of them the first time around."

After six months of living and working undercover, Dan Gearino offered an eye-opening rundown of the Klan's grand plan: "Within the decade the United States and the Soviet Union will go to war," he wrote. "It will be short—over in a matter of days—and nuclear weapons will be used. The destruction will be so widespread that neither country will be capable of invading the other to finish the job... Then the racists will make their move. Passing for National Guardsmen or Army troops whenever necessary, Klansmen will steal weapons, conduct sabotage operations and engage in hit-and-run attacks against federal troops."

Another clue to the Klan's future plans is provided in William Pierce's novel *The Turner Diaries*, recommended reading for hard-core members. The story begins with an underground racist group engineering bombings, mortar attacks and assassinations against the federal government. The terrorists proceed to rob small businesses, recover buried weapons, and dynamite FBI headquarters in Washington, D.C. They eventually gain control of California, install a segregationist government and capture Vandenberg Air Force Base and its nuclear weapons.

Next, the racists systematically lynch tens of thousands of their imagined enemies. "I Betrayed My Race," say the signs draped on the corpses of those who had supported integration. "I Defiled My Race," say signs on dead white women who had married or lived with nonwhites. The climax of the book describes the fall of the rest of the country, and the spread of the racist revolution to Europe and the remainder of the world—where every black, Jew and Oriental is exterminated.

The scenario outlined by Pierce is unrelenting in its ugliness. Even grimmer is the fact that there are those who regard it as the gospel. The sickening irony, of course, is that the very democracy the Ku Klux Klan is seeking to destroy permits such dangerous groups to exist.

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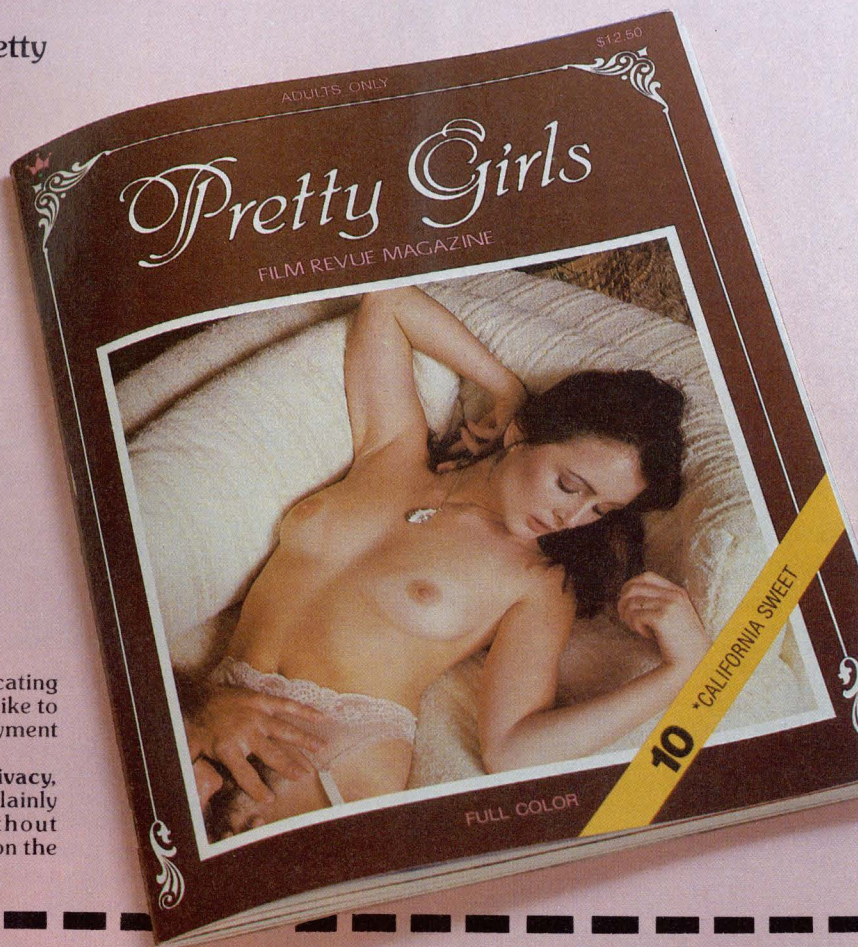
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NEXT MONTH

May issue on sale March 26, 1981



CAN THE U.S. DEFEND IT-SELF?—The apparent failure of the All-Volunteer Army is giving rise to serious questions about America's military preparedness. While the Soviet Union has bolstered its conventional forces dramatically, recruiting troubles could leave us thousands of soldiers short in case of a European shooting war. This hard-hitting report by Michael Bane tells why the best solution might be a peacetime draft.

RICHARD KIENAST—An unconventional lawman whose beat includes swinging Aspen, Colorado, Kienast has become a local hero for his battle against federal narcotics agents. He's also introduced reforms that include the hiring of female deputies and the replacement of jailhouse coffee and junk food with herb tea and granola bars. Bruce Henderson provides an

engrossing look at a cop who's out to protect his constituents' rights.

INTENSIVE LOVING CARE—When a macho loading-dock worker winds up in the hospital after a heart attack, his doctor advises him to take it easy for a while or start planning for an early funeral. Neither, however, has figured on the sensually sinister designs of two female hospital employees. Gripping fiction by J. Bradford Olesker.

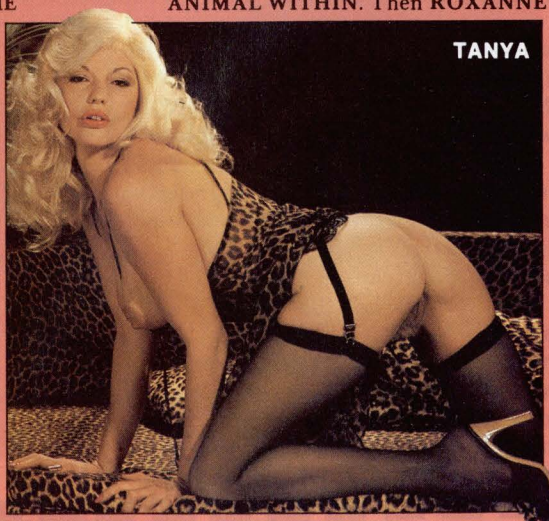
ANTIQUE PORN—Despite bluenosed authority figures, loving people throughout history have been stimulated by explicit depictions of sexuality. In this rare collection you'll see under-the-counter erotica that may have turned your grandparents on.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll want to roar with delight when you see next month's centerfold, **TANYA: THE**

ANIMAL WITHIN. Then **ROXANNE**

AND JILL: HOT TO TROT strips away all boundaries between a pleasing mistress and her madame. **PAM: PRIVATE PERFORMANCE** takes you behind the scenes for a supersexy encore, while a slinky android and her friend make space-age time in **PROGRAMMED FOR PASSION.**

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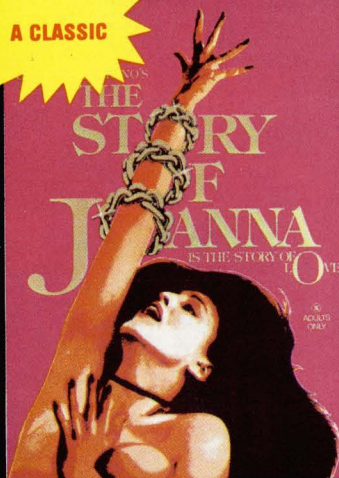
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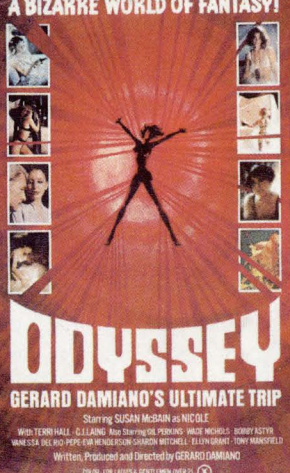
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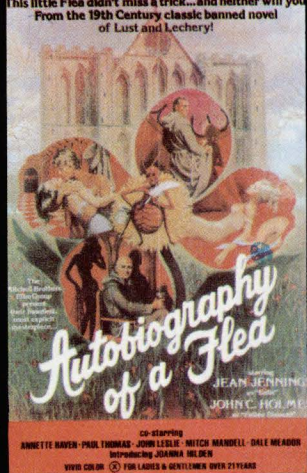
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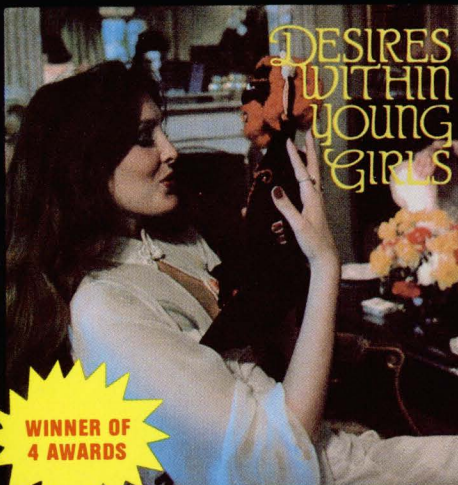
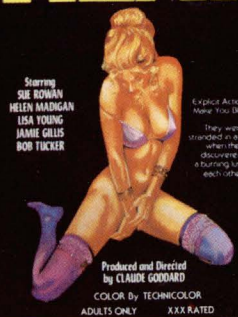
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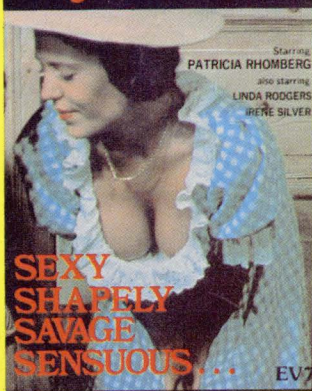
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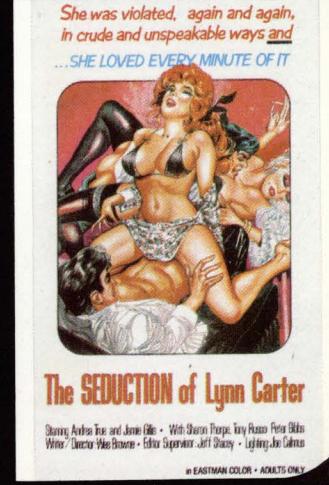
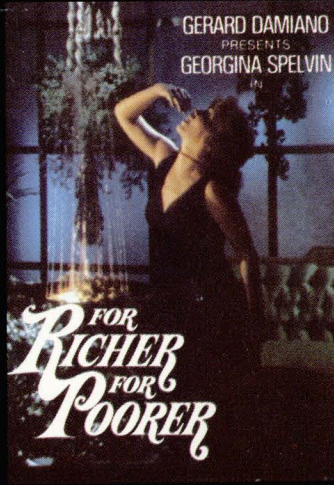
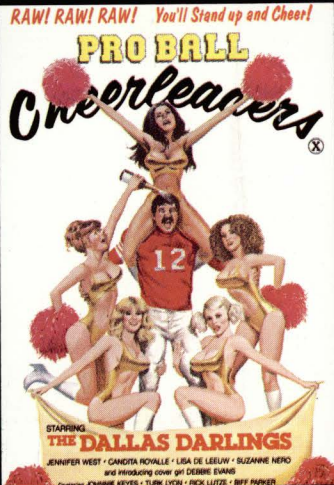
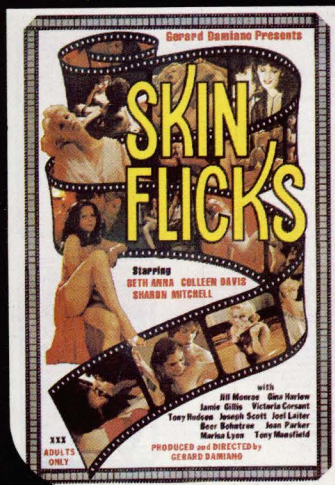
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